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THE NEW

# STATESMAN AND NATION

## The Week-end Review

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THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION—The Week-end Review. *Incorporating The New Statesman, The Nation and Athenaeum, Week-end Review.*

ON Wednesday Mr. Chamberlain made two remarkable statements to the House. He admitted that a large amount of Italian war material had been left behind in Franco's Spain and in Majorca. He held that this was not a breach of the Anglo-Italian agreement, which was only to come into force when Italy had withdrawn her men and arms from Spain. He then revealed what he had not told the House at the time, that even when he made the agreement he had understood from Count Ciano that the Italians would pass over war material to Franco at the end of the war. The House of Commons and the public have become so accustomed to the lies and hypocrisy of Non-Intervention that no doubt this revelation, which would have led to the ignominious dismissal of any Cabinet Minister in the past, will be allowed to pass with no more than a shrug of the shoulders.

### The Moscow Negotiations

Mr. Chamberlain's second announcement was that a British envoy, Mr. Strang, who has had long experience at the Moscow Embassy, would leave for the U.S.S.R. to discuss the details of the Anglo-Russian agreement. So obvious is it that one of the principal Cabinet Ministers ought to go to Moscow that everyone is immediately suspicious that more delays are intended. They are certainly extremely dangerous. We have, however, reason to believe that the British Government now no longer dares to let the negotiations for an Anglo-Russian alliance fail. No one any longer pretends that it is impossible because Rumania or Portugal or the Pope does not like it. Although appeasement ideas continue, the principle of the alliance has been accepted and the difficulties that remain have substance. Partly no doubt as a result of the delays in reaching the agreement, the Baltic States have made non-aggression pacts with Germany and do not ask for guarantees. It is not possible to guarantee a State against its will, and we believe that the U.S.S.R. realises this and is not asking for the impossible. The Soviet Government fears with some reason an attack on Russia through the Baltic States and wishes the peace alliance to be comprehensive. But a formula satisfactory to Russia and the Western Powers is possible if both sides want it. New methods of aggression have been discovered in Spain, Austria, Czechoslovakia and Albania. What technique Germany may next adopt we cannot anticipate. Nor does the U.S.S.R. suggest that we should. It urges that the alliance must be firm and comprehensive. It is willing to leave the technique to be

adopted in cases of future aggression to be discussed in detail as a Staff matter after the alliance is in substance decided. The danger is still that secret appeasement talk may encourage Hitler to a further adventure before the alliance is complete. If the alliance is completed, Stalin may be the first to urge realistic discussion among all the Powers.

### The Exposure of a Crime

The homecoming of the German "volunteers" from Spain was the occasion of a remarkable speech by Herr Hitler on Tuesday. It was largely fustian; but, mixed with the threats and gibes and boasts, there were the frankest possible admissions of the policy he had pursued in the civil war, and of the way in which he had humbugged the "non-interventionists" of the democratic Powers. It was as far back as July, 1936—at the very start, and even before the start, of Franco's rebellion, that "I decided . . . in full collaboration with Mussolini . . . to help in the struggle to save Spain from the Reds." And he added—a supremely cynical touch, this—that it was "painful for all of us to be silent year after year" about the heroic part the German soldiers and airmen, and submarines, too, were playing in this crusade. In fact "all of us" were not silent; the German press, in face of overwhelming evidence, was constantly denying German intervention. What is even more shocking, a great part of Conservative opinion, and the British Government itself, believed, or pretended to believe, these palpable lies. This speech of Hitler's is indeed a devastating exposure of that crime and blunder which called itself the Non-Intervention Committee. Most of his dupes (or were they his accomplices?) have now recognised their error. But not all, it seems. The *Times* is pretty happy about the new Spain; a leading article on Tuesday showered bouquets on Franco, the saviour, who is going to rehabilitate his country with our sympathy and support. And it even had flowers to spare for "the Italian and German Governments who have thus honoured their pledges in regard to evacuation"!

### Axis Diplomacy

German diplomacy is still busily engaged in attempts to strengthen the Axis at other points. Prince Paul of Jugoslavia has been handsomely fêted in Berlin—cheered to order by the populace in the streets, entertained officially and talked to privately by the Führer and Field Marshal Göring and Dr. Goebbels. Whether he has been completely nobbled we do not yet know; the reports are cautious and tell us no more than that the two Governments have cemented their relations "in the political, economic and cultural spheres." There are, however, rumours of a proposed "pact of an unusual nature." If such a pact is concluded, it is pretty safe to assume that it will have the not unusual result of making another vassal State for Germany. Japan has been more difficult to deal with. She is not prepared to tie herself up in a comprehensive Anti-Comintern alliance, and, it is stated, will only come into a war started in Europe if Russia is involved. This is really no more, we believe, than an attempt, for what it may be worth, to prevent the conclusion of an Anglo-Soviet alliance. For the present the Japanese Cabinet have agreed, after a good deal of acrimonious discussion, it seems, on a policy of "sympathetic neutrality" to the Axis. The cooler-headed Japanese statesmen realise that they have got their hands full in China. And some at least of them have strong hopes of extricating themselves—and in effect of winning their war—by a deal, at China's expense, with the Western Powers.

### The Tragedy of H.M.S. "Thetis"

Few disasters in our time have aroused more widespread feelings of pity and horror than the loss of the *Thetis* with the hundred men entombed in her at the bottom of the sea. We join the rest of the world in tendering our sincere sympathy to the relatives of all those men. The Government have done the proper—and in view of public opinion the necessary—thing in instituting a public inquiry. The initial cause of the catastrophe is pretty clear, and so too are some of the obstacles, in particular the strong tide, which defeated all the desperate efforts at salvage. But there is still much to be known of what happened to and in the submerged ship, and something, though probably not all, we shall expect to learn when she is raised and brought ashore. But besides that, we must know whether any responsibility attaches to anyone—the builders, the Admiralty or anyone else. It has been asserted and denied, amongst other things, that there was undue delay in locating the *Thetis* and coming to her rescue. That is one of the suspicions which a private inquiry would not, and which the public inquiry we hope will, definitely clear up. This disaster may also lead to some new methods of diminishing the heavy risks of those who go down in submarines. That in this insane world of to-day it will bring us any nearer to the abolition of the submarine itself is too much to expect.

### The Bankers' International

Sir John Simon spoke the bare truth when he declared that Mr. Norman and Sir Otto Niemeyer sit as directors of the Bank for International Settlements not on behalf of the British Government or as representatives of British policy, but simply as bank delegates to the Bankers' International. When the B.I.S. was set up, the bankers' influence was powerful enough to secure its complete independence of the League of Nations or of any political authority. Moreover, whereas most of the Continental Central Banks are government-controlled, so that their delegates have to carry out government policy, the Bank of England remains legally a private corporation, unamenable to official control. As for the Bank of England's part in transferring the Czech assets to Germany, it appears to be true that these assets were formally held on behalf of the B.I.S., which had accordingly the formal right to transfer them how it pleased. It is, nevertheless, quite impossible to believe that, if the position had been reversed, the Germans would have allowed the Czech assets to be transferred to Great Britain, or to regard as satisfactory a situation in which such transfers can be made without any control by the Government. The whole episode reinforces the arguments for placing the Bank of England definitely under State control, and suggests that the B.I.S., with its present constitution, is in a position of undesirable freedom from any sort of supervision in the general interest. Nor can Sir John Simon's handling of the affair be defended; for even if he has observed the letter of the law he has

manifestly done his utmost both to evade responsibility and to prevent the public from getting a clear knowledge of the facts.

### The Supply Bill

The Labour motion dealing with the Ministry of Supply Bill proposes rejection on the ground that the Bill " fails to establish an immediate and unified control of all the supplies necessary for the Defence Services under conditions which will ensure prompt assembly and delivery and stop further profiteering." The Labour complaint is thus twofold. The Labour Party wants an immediate co-ordination over the whole field, whereas the Government proposes to confine the new Ministry, for the present at any rate, mainly to Army supplies. Secondly, Labour wants the control of supplies to extend to prices and to be accompanied by wide powers for the prevention of excessive charges. The Government has promised to introduce a separate Bill limiting the profits of firms mainly engaged in the making of armaments. But no one knows what the Bill will cover, or how it will be framed; and previous experience of profit-restriction by itself is not very encouraging. The key to effective control is undoubtedly the requisitioning and rationing of essential materials; for this enables the Government both to secure the prior execution of its own orders at reasonable prices, and to prevent firms from recouping themselves for restricted profits on Government orders by making excessive charges to private consumers, and thus starting a vicious " price spiral." The control of supply and the prevention of excessive profit-making cannot be effectively handled apart; they need dealing with by a single authority, armed with comprehensive powers to control all essential supplies.

### The Fall in Unemployment

In May registered unemployment fell below a million and a half. Seasonal influences co-operated with further measures of armament in producing this effect. Out of a total decline of 152,000, the building trades contributed nearly 19,000 and the distributive trades 11,600; and public contracting and the hotel services were also important contributors. Of the armament trades, engineering reduced its unemployed by over 9,000, and iron and steel by over 7,000, and the minor metal trades contributed another 7,600. At the same time, most other industries profited by the general expansion of purchasing power; and there was a continued recovery in both the cotton and the woollen and worsted industries. Indeed, as compared with a year ago, cotton heads the list of improving trades, with a fall of 62,000 in the numbers out of work. Coal-mining follows, with 44,000; and the woollen and worsted trades come third, with 22,000. Thus, by no means the whole of the recovery is traceable to rearmament either directly or indirectly through the expansion of domestic consuming power. Employment, however, is still, in relation to the size of the " occupied " population, below the peak of 1937; and it is remarkable rather that the coincidence of high armament activity, with improved foreign demand, should leave nearly 1,500,000 still workless than that employment has increased as much as it has. The truth is that, whereas the slack has been mostly taken up in the more prosperous areas, the stagnant pools of unemployment in the distressed areas remain almost unaffected, especially among the older workers and among the relatively young who have either been flung out of blind-alley occupations or never been trained for regular work.

### Democracy and the Army

Over 220,000 youths registered last Saturday under the new Military Training Act, and 3,775 of these put themselves down as conscientious objectors. All the new conscripts have promptly been issued with a booklet, entitled *A Welcome to the Militiaman*, which is indeed a sign of the times. It shows the War Office trying to be " democratic " rather than dictatorial. It employs the arts of persuasion, exhortation and information, and though it has some high falutin' and some rather " hearty " passages, it is on the whole a more sensible production than we should have expected from the pundits of Whitehall. We do not suppose that every young militiaman will be particularly edified by all he is told about the functions of the Army in India, the virtues of drill and the fatherliness of N.C.Os. But most of them will be glad to have the assurance in black and white that they are not to be used for such purposes as strike breaking, that their spare time will be their own and that they will have occasional leave to visit their families or to be visited by them. Nor should the young men of means demur to the warning against an ostentatious display of their, or their parents', fortunes. " Let every soldier, whoever he is," says the booklet, " try to make his pay and rations suffice. In this way we shall arrive not only at equality of status but equality of service." So the spirit of the Levellers is revived in the War Office, it seems!

### The Case of Dr. Sekanina

Dr. Ivan Sekanina, a well-known Czech lawyer, was arrested on March 16th in the law courts in Prague and transferred by the Gestapo to Berlin. He will be tried before the German People's Court in about a fortnight's time on a charge of having organised in Czechoslovakia a terrorist movement against the German Reich. The case is a ghastly precedent, for if Dr. Sekanina can be tried under German law for an offence which he is supposed to have committed when there was no German law in Czechoslovakia, then no Czech who tried to defend his country is immune. Even if the seizure of Czechoslovakia by Hitler could have had any basis in law, this trial could not, for Hitler's proclamation of March 16th, after the seizure of Prague, formally declared that Czech laws would apply for all Czech citizens who were not of German nationality. It was not until four weeks after the arrest of Dr. Sekanina that a new decree was published, listing crimes which were to be judged exclusively by German courts, even if the defendants are not of German blood. The Gestapo's vengeance no doubt falls early on Dr. Sekanina because he was a member of the legally recognised Communist Party of Czechoslovakia and one of the international lawyers who offered his services for the defence of the accused in the Reichstag fire trial. But every Czech can give a long list of distinguished Czech citizens who could all be executed under the same farcical pretence. In this matter world opinion, if supported by Government protest, might even now be effective.

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# WHY THERE IS NO WAR IN EUROPE

ACCORDING to all precedent, war should have begun in Europe long ago. It is a diplomatic axiom that mobilisation is the beginning of war; some historians think that it was Russia's premature mobilisation in 1914 that nullified all the last-minute efforts at settlement. In Europe to-day, Germany has been largely mobilised for nearly twelve months. Every country is prepared, and France, Poland, Russia and several others are now in nearly the same state of readiness as Germany. Again, it has always been taken for granted that an aggressive attack on a small Power guaranteed by big Powers inevitably meant war, yet Austria, Czechoslovakia and Albania have all disappeared over night. Peace has proved far from "indivisible"; Spain was conquered by the Axis Powers without a general war, and Japan continues to wage an aggressive war in China and, incidentally, on British and French interests there, without other countries being involved. Finally, if two countries, each manning an armed frontier, shout defiance at each other, the newspapers at full blast and the prestige of each involved, does not that mean war? By all the rules of the old diplomatic game, there should be no escape from war about Danzig, Rumania or the Mediterranean. Yet we are by no means sure to-day that there will be a general war.

What is the explanation of this unprecedented development? According to Marxist theory, wars are waged because of the rivalry of capitalist interests. Capital in each of the competing countries is compelled to seek new markets and finds itself impeded by competition. Each group of capitalists looks ultimately to its own government to protect its interests with the army, navy and air force. These interests become the centre of the whole complex of motives which appeal to others that are not capitalist. When the war comes, we fight for national prestige, the rights of small nations, democracy, and the rest of it. War ends, as we saw in 1918, not when the idealistic motives are satisfied, but when one capitalist group has successfully destroyed its rival. Then came a period which proved the truth of Norman Angell's thesis that war no longer paid the capitalist. Prosperity depended partly on German recovery, and American and British capital was used to reconstruct the interests they had destroyed. At the same time fear of German recovery led to a policy of repression, which nullified the policy of loans. Eventually Hitler solved the capitalists' dilemma for them by building up Germany's internal strength and becoming largely independent of his rivals. The game was on again. Rival States again confronted each other, some fearing to lose that which they had, and the others using force to penetrate and absorb markets their industry required.

New factors, however, were at work. The last war had nearly destroyed the victors as well as the vanquished. A three-dimensional war of the future would certainly destroy the factories and homes and resources without which no markets could profit employers of either country. Capitalists learnt the lesson of the "Great Illusion" and a new kind of pacifism was born. The "Fifth International of the well-to-do" does not mind wars against Socialists or wars in the colonies or in China, but it will do anything, except give up its privileged position, to avoid a war which would mean destruction from the air and revolution from below. It is better to turn Christian and be reconciled with your adversary. So to the ordinary citizens' horror of war and the workers' revolt against being used as cannon fodder, there is added the new factor—the capitalists' revolt against war.

Theoretically, then, we have reached a point which Marxists have told us we need never worry about, because although, in theory, capitalists might combine all over the world to exploit the workers, in practice they would always quarrel among themselves. Was that a true analysis? No one anticipated the new class pacifism, born of aerial warfare. Yet the Marxists were probably right, just because their theory of war was incomplete. In modern times economic causes have been at the root of most wars, but the other sentiments that accrete round the basis of economic interests acquire an impetus of their own. If Nazi Germany were capitalist in the usual sense, there would be no likelihood of war; the F.B.I. mission which reached its agreement on the very day that Hitler took Prague would now be in operation, and German and British capitalism would be united in a policy of joint exploitation. But Nazi Germany is a new kind of State. Structurally it is the greatest example of monopoly capitalism the world has ever seen. But it does not act as capitalist States have acted in the past. It uses the new possibilities of scientific development to become as far as possible self-sufficient and co-operates as little as possible with other capitalist States. During the last war understandings and limited forms of co-operation between German and French capitalists continued over the bodies of French and German soldiers on the Western front. German economy has less and less room for such internationalism. Moreover, Hitler has well understood the new pacifism of the British and French business men, and by rearming more swiftly and mightily than they had anticipated, he demands of them not the co-operation they would readily accept, but a humiliating surrender at which they increasingly jib. War would not pay him, but conquest without war may do so and has done so already. His practical retort to the argument that "possessions" are not of great economic value is that he is no business man paying his way, but a conqueror who seizes, as he has done in Czechoslovakia and as medieval conquerors did before him, the actual physical assets of the countries he makes his own.

Nor is this all. The Nazi regime does indeed move in the direction that German capitalists would have it move, but it moves at a pace and with an irrational drive that leaves them gasping. Those who put Hitler into power to save themselves from Socialism, now find themselves under the wheels of his juggernaut car. The irrational forces in society which capitalism usually manipulates for its own benefit have become its masters. Hitler's peculiar psychology, the racial virus with which he has inoculated his followers, the tradition of Prussian militarism, the power complex which includes, but transcends and even caricatures economic interest—all these, not a rational consideration of profits, are in charge of German policy. Peter Drücker significantly calls his remarkable analysis of the German revolt against reason and materialism the *End of Economic Man.*

A writer in a recent issue of the *Neue Tagebuch* who argues, as we have done, that as long as capitalism is moved by rational motives of self-interest, war is improbable, goes on to remark that there may nevertheless be war if Hitler's irrationalism meets at some point with an irrational response in other countries. Uneconomic values of prestige and tradition may at some time or other again actuate even Britain—though there is little sign of it at present. Again, Hitler may plunge us all into war by challenging a country less dominated by big business and with less than our civilised horror of murder and destruction. Even more to the point, we should say that war may come in spite of the detestation of it among all sane people in every country because Hitler's methods and objects stimulate in the most direct way the basic instincts of self-preservation in all of us. People will fight if they fear torture and slavery, in spite of rationalists and capitalists who argue that it is an unprofitable proceeding.

Does this analysis of the reasons why we are not now at war help us to predict the future? Not with any certainty. If there is an Anglo-Russian alliance, as now seems possible, Hitler must know that the days of swift and overwhelming *coups* are over and that a "lightning war" on either front is an unlikely proposition. He also knows that in countries that have formally agreed to stop aggression he retains conscious friends among the rich and unconscious allies among those who cannot bring themselves to face the choice he sets before them. If he maintains the caution he has so far shown he will play for time, hoping that pressure will bring him victories that war can no longer bring. Theoretically, at least, the German regime could switch over its vast war machinery to the production of more butter and less guns. For psychological reasons it looks improbable while Hitler is in charge. But it is not impossible for Germany to return to rationalism and become again open to an economic and political settlement—on two conditions. First the German people must *know* that the peace alliance is firm, and secondly they must *know* that it is reasonable. It must stand not merely for resistance to aggression, but for a constructive counter policy, in which every effort is made to assure the unhappy subjects of the Totalitarian States that their claim to a full share in the world community will be fairly met once aggression is abandoned.

## ANGLO-SOVIET ECONOMICS

IT has been insisted again that military co-operation between nations is fraught with danger unless political association is cemented by economic relationships. This indeed is among the perils of the guarantees recently given by Great Britain to Poland and Rumania; it is inevitably much easier for these countries to establish close trading connections with Germany than with Great Britain. Not the least part of Germany's hold over the States of South-Eastern Europe is that their economics are in fact largely complementary to hers, so that trading exchanges would naturally and under normal circumstances be a source of mutual benefit. It is true that there are serious disadvantages in trading with Germany under her present rulers, who are apt either to bilk their creditors or to offer unwanted goods in exchange for imports. But, even so, Germany remains the natural market for a large part of the surplus foodstuffs and materials of South-Eastern Europe; and the countries in this region, whatever the difficulties, must trade largely with Germany because there are no alternative markets for many of their goods.

If the Soviet Union is now, despite Mr. Chamberlain's reluctance, to be linked up with France and Great Britain in a common political front against aggression, it becomes of the first importance to consider how far we can support this political relationship by economic means. It is true that Great Britain is already by far the largest market for the exports of the Soviet Union, especially timber. In 1937 nearly one-third of all Soviet exports were consigned to Great Britain, whereas no other country took more than 8 per cent. But, as against this, Great Britain accounted for less than 15 per cent. of Soviet imports. Canada and Australia, to which the Soviet Union exports hardly at all directly, accounted for another 6½ per cent.; and the payments made for imports in London by the Soviet authorities came much nearer to balancing the exports than the published totals suggest. Nevertheless, the amount of trade between Great Britain and the Soviet Union is not very great; and it would be of widest advantage in relation to the new political alignments if it could be considerably increased. This would cement the unity embodied in the pact against aggression, and would make a rupture far harder to bring about on some secondary difference of policy.

What, then, could be done to increase the total of Anglo-Russian trade? Timber and timber products accounted, on the average of 1935–7, for a quarter of the total value of Soviet exports, and petroleum products, mostly refined, for another 11 per cent. Next in importance were undressed furs (6 per cent), wheat (5½ per cent. on the average, but nearly 11 per cent. of the total in 1937), and flax and tow together and cotton goods (each about 4½ per cent.). Of these products, wheat export is highly variable, and can be large only when the harvest is exceptionally good; for Russia's rapidly rising population consumes nearly all the normal supply. Cotton goods are obviously out of the running, and the market for flax is not capable of much expansion. Timber and to a smaller extent petroleum products are obviously the crucial commodities, if we are proposing to increase our intake of Soviet goods. The timber market, however, is regulated by a powerful international cartel; and for political reasons it would not be easy to take more Russian timber, except perhaps as part of a special bargain, without increasing our imports from elsewhere. Finally, petroleum products raise the complication that we do not want to divert orders from the United States, and that we do want to buy Rumanian petrol in order to check German imports from that source. Nevertheless, petroleum products are obviously suitable for a deal with the Soviet Union, both because we need to store greatly increased quantities and because there are plenty of other things we must buy from the United States, especially in connection with rearmament.

If we look now at the position of the Soviet Union as an importer, we find that Germany supplied even in 1937 a larger proportion of Soviet imports than Great Britain, despite a sharp fall in comparison with the previous year. The Five Year Plans have made the Soviet Union an importer chiefly of machinery and metals. On the average of 1935–7 machinery, including electrical machinery and apparatus, made up a quarter of the total value of Soviet imports; and crude and semi-manufactured metals made up another 18 per cent. Moreover, this type of import was increasing, no doubt as a consequence of Soviet rearmament. In 1937 crude and semi-manufactured metals rose to 23 per cent. of total imports, whereas iron and steel manufactures, thanks to the development of Soviet production, fell from 11 per cent. of the total imports in 1935 to 7 per cent. in 1937.

It is doubtless true that, under present conditions, we have neither iron and steel nor other metals to spare—at any rate of the types which the Soviet Union is most likely to want. We could, however, do a good deal towards easing the burden of Soviet armament activity upon the Russian standard of life both by supplying increased quantities of machinery—especially railway material and specialist electrical machines—and still more by expanding our exports of consumers' goods. The weakest link in Russian military preparedness is the

transport system; and in that we, with our highly developed railway engineering industry, are excellently equipped to help. Moreover, our capacity to supply light consumers' goods, of many of which the Russians are still exceedingly short, is obviously by no means exhausted. From dress goods and boots and shoes to paper and domestic utensils—to mention only a random sample of products—we are in a position to supply what the Russian people most urgently require. Nor should we omit from our calculations the possibility of an extensive deal in one of our most important re-exports—rubber.

But—the question will at once be raised—can the Russians afford to buy more from us? Unless they can find additional means of payment, obviously they cannot. If we want to expand our trade with the Soviet Union, we must either do extensive deals in effect on a barter basis, accepting the existing ratios of exchange between the two countries roughly as they are, or, by way of addition to such arrangements, we must be prepared to supply goods—especially investment goods—on credit. Railway material, for example, should clearly be the subject of credit transactions; and in this connection it should not be forgotten that in the post-war period no State has been more meticulous than the Soviet Union in paying its debts, despite its refusal to accept the obligations incurred under the Czarist regime.

These suggestions do not profess to be more than exploratory. The orders placed by the Soviet Union in Great Britain under the existing credit agreement have been chiefly for machine tools and other engineering equipment, and for turbines; and large quantities of non-ferrous metals and of rubber, together with smaller quantities of textile materials, have also been bought through London. In 1937, for which year details are available, the Russians seem to have been careful to spread their orders well over the country, Scotland, Yorkshire and Lancashire each getting from £1,750,000 to £2,000,000 worth, and the West Midlands and the London area each about £1,500,000. The distribution of these orders naturally reflected the concentration of Russian imports on machinery and industrial materials, as against consumers' goods; and any large expansion, apart from the special case of the railways, seems to involve a readiness to buy or receive on barter terms consumers' as well as producers' goods. As for herrings, which used to form so large an element in British trade with Russia, the Soviet Union will doubtless continue for the most part to catch its own. But there is no valid reason why we should not arrange a large deal for our factory products against Soviet oil and timber—to say nothing of Soviet gold—in addition to a useful credit transaction in greatly needed railway material. There is indeed every reason why Great Britain should make a special effort to conclude an agreement on these lines, both in order to strengthen the Soviet Union at its weakest point—communications—and to check the growth of "autarkic" tendencies and link the two countries more closely together in an economic as well as a political sense.

# A LONDON DIARY

I HAVE seldom seen a more moving sight than the arrival of 130 Czech children at a Liverpool Street platform last Friday. They have been coming over in batches; this was a large contingent. One of them was less than three years old, the eldest must have been about fifteen. Policemen kept a gangway for the crocodile which was led off to a gymnasium lent by the L.N.E.R. and curtained down the middle. The children sat on benches on one side of the curtain, the parents were on the other. As each name was called out, the child went through an opening in the curtain and was welcomed by its new parents on the other side. Parents have volunteered from all over England, guaranteeing the child a home up to the age of eighteen. I heard of one motherly soul with no children of her own, three rooms to live in and a living to earn, who insisted on adopting three children whose father was already a refugee in England. Before she had received the children she rang up the Committee (whose address, in case any reader wants to follow suit, is Room 217, Bloomsbury House, Bloomsbury Square, W.C.1) in great excitement to say: "The father of my children is here!" The foster parents know no more than a few formal facts about the children they are adopting, but the children know nothing at all about them. I know of one boy who was arrested with his mother by the Gestapo as he was actually starting for England; a letter had been found in their home showing that the boy had inquired about broadcasts from Moscow. One gets some inkling of the depths of strain and misery that the Czechs must be going through when one remembers that the mothers have parted with their children of their own free will rather than let them be brought up under the conditions of Nazi rule. This point becomes even more significant when one remembers that most of these children are Jews (many Aryans want to send their children, but I am told the Nazis do not let them go so readily) and in Jewish communities the feeling of family unity is far stronger than it is amongst Gentiles. One's imagination begins to play about the experience of these children, suddenly cut off from their homes, sent to strange homes in a country whose language they cannot speak, with their future utterly mysterious. Some of them may take it as an adventure, the youngest will scarcely realise what has happened to them. In any case I suppose they are lucky; the difficult psychological and political problems that arise with adult refugees ought not to occur in the case of children, and if England gets the chance to absorb this new stock, it may be as revitalising as the reception of the Huguenots in the seventeenth century.

* * *

The Board of Education's latest production, *Education in* 1938, contains a lot of valuable information, but is, I think, a trifle too self-gratulatory: "satisfactory progress has been made" is its most common phrase. Satisfactory to the Board, of course, but not to a carping critic like me. There is very little discussion of the aim and quality of the education given, and the comments on Examinations (always respectfully capitalised) evade the common criticisms. The damage done is worst, I suspect, in the teaching of English. A set book—often a rather second-rate book like *Lorna Doone*—is studied in minute detail, while boys and girls may leave school incredibly ignorant of English literature and language. The idea of having an "interesting" book instead of only accepted "classics" is sensible enough, but it ought not to be possible for an intelligent boy of 17 (I quote an actual instance within my own knowledge) to leave a progressive secondary school without being able to recognise any quotation from the Bible or knowing what was said in the Sermon on the Mount. He had never read any of (for example) Boswell's Johnson, and could not read aloud easily or with any expression. He was a very intelligent child, and his knowledge in science and other subjects was less strangled by the Examination system. One encouraging fact for secondary education is the number of big firms—I.C.I., Boots and others—which now refuse to employ children under 15 at all. If this spreads the economic resistance to a proper organisation of secondary education for all up to 15 should be more easily overcome.

* * *

I take this pleasant example of bureaucratic English from *Education in* 1938.

> In January the Board issued Circular 1461 which set out for the guidance of those concerned with the problem of the protection of school children in times of air attack certain considerations which it was recommended should be borne in mind when the problem was under review.

Quite. But would it not be simpler to say that the Board had issued a circular on children and air raids?

* * *

"They were shot at by many and thick-coming arrows," Herodotus says of the Phocians at Thermopylae. Recent messages in the press have given tantalisingly small accounts of some new investigations at Thermopylae, though there is enough said to show they are important. One message mentions the considerable traces of arrows found, so the Spartan who

was told the Persian arrows darkened the sun and answered "So much the better, we shall fight in the shade," may not be a myth after all. Napoleon thought very little of Thermopylae: "Leonidas a bad general; let his flank be turned," he noted. But the common belief that the Greek achievement was remarkable is supported by the new discoveries. A very small force stood up to enormous odds and the break through was only secured by "weight of metal." Herodotus' military terms always have an exact meaning; here they indicate a great number of projectiles coming at very short intervals. They were the equivalent (since means of defence generally keep level with means of offence) of the "continuous roll" of the guns, "individual shots being no longer heard," which astounded and shook the English at Waterloo, or the Franco attack on Barcelona when enemy shells were reported to be 27,000 to the Government's 1,300. In both the Greek and the Spanish wars the prolonged resistance of the weak side was due to the character of the individual soldiers. Not because "free men are braver," as they say, but because in war (except for a short period, the age of Frederick) an army composed of intelligent soldiers, who know in general what they should do and why, and will get on with it when communications are bad, will defeat an army whose first virtue is obedience. That is—the democratic principle encourages individual competence, the Führerprinzip discourages it. At Thermopylae, the Spartans were self-reliant enough ("showing that they were men who did understand fighting among men who didn't"—Herodotus again) to carry out the dangerous manoeuvre of breaking when attacked by the Persian Immortal Guard in order to re-form on better ground and wipe it out. It is for this sort of reason that a democratic army, given at all reasonable odds, would usually beat a Fascist. At least, that is my conclusion from the discoveries of Professor Ho Deina at Thermopylae.

* * *

A suggested subject for a Max cartoon; Sir Max at the investiture, gazing up apprehensively at the Business Bosses surrounding him, and whispering: "But I don't remember sending money to the party funds." Indeed, one can almost forget the oft-repeated tale of "political and public services" in pleasure at his knighthood. There is no more distinguished English writer alive—his only fault is that he so seldom writes. Two companions of honour, Dr. Gooch, the eminent historian, and Dr. Mallon, the Warden of Toynbee Hall, are admirably chosen exceptions to the rule that Big Money needs to be glorified while culture is its own reward. Most of the rest of the list reminds us once again that our Prime Minister is essentially a Business Man. But why does no woman receive any high honour? Can it be held that no woman is worthy or is it that the proper place of the woman is still the bridge club?

* * *

Writing to the *Times* about the Buchmanites' attempt to legalise their preposterous claim to the name of Oxford, Mr. A. P. Herbert was brilliantly amusing, and in his answer Sir Lynden Macassey was almost equally, though unintentionally, funny. He talks of the Buchmanites "submitting to the appellation" (Oxford), and continues, "If there is any word which has worse associations or more undesirable implications than the word 'international,' as applied to any movement, it would be difficult to find it. Such a name would kill the Movement." The life of the Movement, it seems, depends upon its being called not international, which it is, but Oxford, which it is not. If I were a Buchmanite, I should be affronted by Sir Lynden's low opinion of the Movement's vitality; and if I were an Oxford man, I should be surprised that Sir Lynden, not an Oxford man, had intervened.

* * *

Since the success of their political pantomime, with its larger-than-life Chamberlain, I have looked forward to visiting again the little Unity Theatre at King's Cross. Plays to suit that theatre are obviously not easy to come by; but Mr. James Lonsdale Hodson's *Harvest from the North* is a good choice. This drama of unemployed lives in the cotton areas, of political aspirations and love on a diet of margarine, provides some vivid if scattered scenes. By means of a dropscene, on which a lantern threw ghostly pictures of chimneys and clouds, a larger aspect of the problem is suggested. These flashes might have been extended. When the men go off to a political meeting half-way through the play, it would be simple to introduce effectively snatches of speech which would steepen the action and incidentally help the forward policy of the Unity Theatre. These bits of expressionism are balanced by one of the most solid rooms I have seen on a stage. Real doors open on to real staircases, the mirror reflects the gaslight buzzer, with splashes in a distant sink: how it would all have delighted Archer, who fought for years against the painted shelf of books! Unfortunately, the play is not quite as solid as the furniture; Grandpa's madness, for example, develops rather too suddenly at the end, and some of the silences are awkward. As a statement of poverty, which does not touch the imagination, the play is, however, a success. An anonymous cast acted well, and looked their parts.

* * *

Why in this gorgeous weather do men wear such absurd clothes? One sees very few males in London who do not look sticky and uncomfortable. Partly it is just convention; a tie and a jacket are the uniform and London would not discard them if it were 100 deg. in the shade. Partly it is snobbery. To go about in a pair of thin trousers or shorts and an open shirt without a coat would be conspicuous and would suggest a proletarian hiker rather than a city man. Partly employers would not let you; the black-coated worker must be black-coated and have a white collar. The proletariat should be luckier in the matter of dress. The men who are building Waterloo Bridge and concreting the trenches in the squares—"graveyards," the diggers call them—(why were they built straight instead of traversed as every soldier knows they ought to be?) are not expected to wear coats or ties. But here is the oddest part of it all. Many of them do in fact wear thick vests under their shirts, sweaters and even waistcoats too. I fell into conversation with three of them in the lunch interval. One said it was just habit. Another, who wore two waistcoats, said it was cooler because the "sun could not get at you so quickly." The third, who only wore a shirt, said; "But you can't get rid of it when it does get through, can you?" CRITIC

## THIS ENGLAND

**Our prize of 5/- for the contribution at the head of the column goes this week to XY.**

**All cuttings should be addressed to "This England," 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1.**

The outstanding features of the procession were "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs" . . . "The Empress of Australia" was a very clever effort in the pram line, and another item that caught the eye was the Lady Godiva on a decorated cycle.—*Dorking and Leatherhead Advertiser.*

"I think," said Colonel Lowther, "that if we could get the dictators to come out with the Pytchley Hounds their attitudes towards life might change considerably. They would get a better idea of the meaning of real friendship."—*Northampton Chronicle and Echo.*

Ald. Haynes moved an amendment: "That the Council abolish the A.R.P. Committee and take no further part in the work." "I feel," he said, "that after the experience we have had in the last 12 months, there is too much energy of men and women, and certainly too much money spent on this foolhardy business. Can anyone tell me why it is being done? Is there anyone here who seriously thinks there is going to be a war?"—*The Wiltshire Telegraph and Advertiser.*

Surely young people in Britain prefer, say, Bing Crosby, Hawaiian music, popular songs, organ and dance music, or Kate Smith recorded to these perpetual string quartets. Or does the B.B.C. cater solely to maiden aunts in seaside conservatories?—Marquis of Donegall in *Sunday Dispatch.*

# THE 1939 STATE

DURING the present decade thousands and thousands of innocent people have been killed, robbed, mutilated, insulted, imprisoned. We, the fortunate exceptions, learn of this from the newspapers and from refugees, we realise that it may be our turn next, and we know that all these private miseries may be the prelude to an incalculable catastrophe, in which the whole of western civilisation and half oriental civilisation may go down. Perhaps history will point to these years as the moment when man's inventiveness finally outbalanced his moral growth, and toppled him down hill.

The decade being tragic, it seems at first obvious that our way of living should correspond. How can we justify our trivialities and hesitations? Ought we not to rise to the great dramatic conception which we see developing around us? The situation is tremendous; it has never been equalled because the world has never before been so closely interlocked. The pillars of the twenty-thousand-year-old house are crumbling, the human experiment totters, other forms of life watch. Ought we not, at such a moment, to act as Wagnerian heroes and heroines, who are raised above themselves by the conviction that all is lost or that all can be saved, and stride singing into the flames?

To ask such a question is to answer it. No one who debates whether he shall behave tragically can possibly be a tragic character. He may have a just sense of the stage; he may discern the scene darkening and the powers of evil marching and the ravens gathering; he may feel the first breath of the tempest as it lifts him off his feet and whirls him backwards. But he is not properly cast as an actor; there will be something petty in him—perhaps something recalcitrant—which mars the aesthetic unity. He will not even pay the tribute of unalloyed terror. He will be half-frightened and half-thinking about something else on the very steps of the altar, and when the sacrificial knife falls he will perish an unworthy victim, a blemished and inferior lamb, of little esteem at the banquet of the gods.

The state of being half-frightened and half-thinking about something else at the same time is the state of many English people to-day. It is worth examining, partly because it is interesting, partly because, like all mixed states, it can be improved by thought. Only Heaven and Hell are stable. It is a 1939 state, I think. The spirit of 1938 was quite different. Then, we were fresher and less complex. War was promised or threatened us for a certainty, we went inspired or demented according to our quality, and our actions bore some relation to the Zeitgeist's. Exalted in contrary directions, some of us rose above ourselves and others committed suicide. One elderly gentleman, for instance, described in the newspaper as having a great many friends, exclaimed to his housekeeper, "Oh Agnes, Agnes, what will become of us all now?" and jumped out of a top-storey window in his pyjamas. He saw what he could do and he did it, and his conduct when analysed shows parallels with Brunhilde's. Others saw something else they could do and, like Siegmund, prepared to fight—with what weapons and against what they did not stay to consider. These certainties and heroisms came to their end in September, when Mr. Chamberlain paid his first call upon Herr Hitler. I was in London that dark Wednesday night when the news of an agreement between them seeped through, first as a rumour, then as German official, then British official. It was good news, and it ought to have brought great joy; it did bring joy to the House of Commons. But unimportant and unpractical people often foresee the future more clearly than do those who are engaged in shaping it, and I felt at once that the news was only good in patches, and that we should have just as much bother with Hitler in a few months' time, and perhaps with Mussolini, too. Peace flapped from the posters, and not upon the wings of angels. The old security had not been regained and the new exaltation had been lost. I trailed about reading the notices, some of which had already fallen into the gutter. On the Thursday I returned to the country, and the only object which gave me any satisfaction there was a chicken run which I had helped build earlier in the week.

This post-Munich world may not last long, but we are living in it now, and we shall not have any other life. We have to make the best of an unexplored and equivocal state, and we are more likely to succeed if we give up any hope of simplicity. "Prepare, prepare!" does not do for a slogan. No more does "Business as usual." Both of them are untrue to the spirit of 1939, the spirit which is half-afraid and half-thinking about something else. We are urged, by bishops and captains of industry, to face facts. Yes, and we ought to. But we can only face them by being double-faced. The facts lie in opposite directions, and no exhortation will group them into a single field. No slogan works. All is lost if the totalitarians destroy us. But all is equally lost if we have nothing left to lose. And the imperfect and blemished lamb, as he stands at the foot of the altar, is partly a-tremble because of the oncoming knife, and partly thinking of other things—of the meadows he has walked in, of the games he has played, of the books he has read, of the friends he has made. Perhaps he will decide to be a brave lamb and not to fear death, and if he does this, death will certainly become painless for him, and mutilation painless until it occurs. It is common sense to be brave. But bravery and cowardice are only different sides of the same small shield. They do not cover the whole complexity. Apart from them exist the "other things" which riddle the little creature's mind, and make him now stronger and now weaker, now the heir of all of the ages, and now a contemptible failure—at all events in his own eyes and in those of the gods: the "other things," which are summed up as Civilisation.

These mixed states are terrible for the nerves. That is the real drawback in them, which we must try to counteract. They give us no chance to feel solid. What with the bravery-cowardice factor, and what with the civilisation factor, we are assailed right and left. Intelligent and sensitive people are having a particularly humiliating time just now. Looking at the international scene, they see, with a clearness denied to politicians, that if Fascism wins we are done for, and that we must become Fascist to win. There seems no escape from this hideous dilemma and those who face it most honestly often go jumpy. They are vexed by messages from contradictory worlds, so that whatever they do appears to them as a betrayal of something good; they feel that nothing is worth attempting, they drop their hands, break off in the middle with a shriek, smash physical or spiritual crockery. If they could sell themselves, they would find peace; they could, on the one hand, go out hammer and tongs for National Service, A.R.P., I.R.A., pacifism, suicide, etc.; or on the other hand, they could shut themselves up with their culture and try to hatch something out in isolation, as Remy de Gourmont did in the last war and as Jean Giono hopes to do in the next one. But they are too fine to sell themselves; that is their glory and their trouble. They see through all the slogans. Their grasp on reality paralyses them. Paradoxically, they become more and more negative and (though this matters less) more and more ineffective, until leadership passes to their inferiors.

It is not easy to help such people; they are too highly developed to be saved by anyone but themselves. But one little tip does occur to me; a wild and foolish suggestion, and only applicable to such of them as still have money. Those of them who have any money should start spending it at once—spending quiets the nerves—and should spend it as if civilisation is permanent; buy books, go to concerts and plays, if they care for such things. Anyhow it is childish to save; thrift was only a virtue so long as it paid, which it has ceased to do in 1939. And it is fantastic to spend too much on charity; all the money in England could not stay the world's misery now, or even solve the refugee problem. Spending on art has this advantage, apart from the pleasure to be gained from it; it does maintain an artistic framework which may come in

useful in the future; it is connected with a positive hope.

This decade has lasted long enough, and the Crisis in particular has become a habit, indeed almost a joke. Emotions are no longer deeply stirred by it, and when Germany or Italy destroys an extra country we are upset for a shorter period each time. We are worried rather than frantic. But worry is terribly insidious; besides taking the joy out of life, it prevents the victim from being detached and from observing what is happening to the human experiment. It tempts him to simplify, since through simplification he may find peace. Nagging and stinging night and day, it is the undying worm, the worst of our foes. The only satisfactory release, I think, is to be found in the direction of complexity. The world won't work out, and the person who can realise this, and not just say it and lament it, has done as well as can be expected of him in the present year. Perhaps the Crisis is a temporary one, and now nearing its end. 1940 may bring personal danger and physical pain and new standards.

E. M. FORSTER

# WHAT'S IN A NAME?

FEELING is running high over the question whether Dr. Buchman and his followers are to have their movement legally recognised as the Oxford Group Movement. At first sight it seems reasonable in a free country to allow any body of men to call itself what it likes. Even at the present day, when their church is no longer established, and though it was never the church of the majority of the Irish people, you will hear Protestant men and women across the Irish Sea claiming to belong to the "Church of Ireland." Plymouth does not protest when the members of another religious body call themselves Plymouth Brethren. Why then should Oxford be so touchy about a name that has already been associated with all sorts of things from shoes to skirt-like trousers?

After all, Irishmen are not offended when they see a dish on a menu called Irish stew, though not a single ingredient of it may have come from Ireland. Englishmen do not make a fuss when in an Italian restaurant they see trifle called "English soup." Even the sensitive Welsh pass "Welsh rabbit" without a murmur. National and racial names, indeed, are used haphazard and, so far as I can discover, often meaninglessly. I doubt whether the Jew's harp was ever a favourite musical instrument in Palestine. Germans have no remedy against our associating their great country with a form of measles, or the Russians against our associating their equally great country with a childish drawing-room game. The English have to be content to be known for phlegm and perfidy, though these qualities did not originate in England. The Negro has had his name borrowed by Anglo-Saxon minstrels singing Anglo-Saxon music-hall songs; and, if he had protested, his protest would have been as ineffective as if the Quakers had protested against their name being associated with a form of oats, or as if the Presbyterians had protested against their name being associated with a tobacco mixture. As civilisation has advanced, names have come to be used more and more loosely so that to-day, I imagine, there is nothing to prevent the proprietor of a night-club from calling his club "The Baptist Sunday School."

It is not to be wondered at, then, that the followers of Dr. Buchman have been a little surprised to find Oxford protesting violently against having its name annexed by a religious organisation that has nothing to do with Oxford and its University. "If Oxford insists on its name being copyright," one of them asked innocently, "why does it not object to the name of Oxford Street and of the Morris-Oxford car?" The theory is, apparently, that no place has an exclusive right to its name, and that, if you like the sound of a name, you may make what use of it you please. You have as much right, in their opinion, to call a religious movement after Oxford as to call wafers after Niagara. This, I think, is true, if the name is not likely to mislead. Cambridge is not perturbed by having its name applied to sausages because no one is likely to buy Cambridge sausages on the assumption that they have the cachet of the University authorities. I do not know whether the Burgundians ever protested against the use of the name Australian Burgundy for a wine produced thousands of miles from Burgundy; but there is, at least, this to be said for the name, Australian Burgundy, that it never misled anybody into buying a flagon of Australian wine on the understanding that it was French. One can easily imagine, on the other hand, adoptions of names that would be seriously misleading. If, for example, a manufacturer of health foods advertised something called "The Bernard Shaw Breakfast-food," most of us would infer from the name that Mr. Shaw had given it his approval, that this particular food had done him good, and that he wished to commend it to others as an aid to health and longevity. Again, if a manufacturer of patent medicines advertised "The Lord Horder Cough-killer," most of us would buy it when we had a cold, believing that it had behind it the authority of a great name. And the use of the names of places could be as misleading as the use of the names of persons. No one manufacturing mineral waters in London would have the right to call his wares after Buxton or Harrogate or any of the great spas. I do not suppose that Buxton would mind a hat's being called the Buxton hat or a biscuit's being called the Buxton wafer, because the ordinary man does not associate Buxton with hats or biscuits. But mineral waters are another matter. If they were named after Buxton, people would think that they came from Buxton and would be misled into buying them as medicinal waters.

It is for reasons like this, I think, that Oxford men object to Dr. Buchman's adopting the name of their city for the Group Movement. Oxford, more than any other city in England, is associated in the popular mind with religious movements. I presume that the majority of men attending Oxford University at the time of the Oxford Movement were either strongly opposed to it or indifferent to it; yet it was an indubitable Oxford product and was one of Oxford's contributions to the religious history of England. If Dr. Buchman's movement is legally recognised as the Oxford Group Movement, is it not certain that, in many parts of the world, it too will be regarded as a genuine Oxford product and that, possessing this prestige—for, rightly or wrongly, the name of Oxford still confers prestige—will attract many people who, if it were called (say) the Truro Movement, would leave it alone? Some people may reply to this: "All the better. If it's a good thing, and a good name helps to interest people in it, what more can you ask? After all, a good name helps to sell a book, and why not, in these days of publicity, use a good name to spread religion?" That seems to me to be a dangerous argument from the religious point of view. People who are attracted to a religious movement mainly by its name are scarcely worth converting. The only religion worth having is a religion that appeals, not to snobbery, but to sanctity; and it seems to me that to borrow the name of Oxford for a movement that is not an Oxford movement is merely to appeal to the half-unconscious snobbery of the human race. The evidence seems fairly clear that Dr. Buchman's movement has already commended itself to many people as a religious movement bearing an Oxford University hall-mark.

I see that one eminent man is sincerely convinced that, if the Group Movement ceases to be nominally associated with Oxford, its position and usefulness will be seriously injured. It is difficult, however, to believe that any great religious movement depends for its success on its name. If Dr. Buchman's creed is a creed that gives comfort and courage to the human soul, it will triumph whatever name it goes by. Whether it is the best form of Christianity, I do not know; but it is evidently the best form of Christianity in which many twentieth-century men and women can believe, and, if this is so, it is bound to survive any change of nomenclature. Think of the unpromising names under which religious movements have survived in the past—"Methodists" and, not only "Baptists," but "Particular Baptists." When I was a boy, you

might have been brought up a "Reformed Presbyterian," and on the notice-boards outside their churches the Unitarians used to describe themselves as "Non-subscribing Presbyterians," which I used to think rather penurious. Religious groups have borne all sorts of strange names in the past and have flourished in spite of them—"Protestants," "Episcopalians," "Dissenters" and "Nonconformists." There is scarcely a name among them that has even a faint flavour of Christianity. Yet, bearing such names, Christian men and women have led Christian lives, and their creeds—so it seems to me, at least—have helped to bring a part of the human race a little way out of the jungle.

If Dr. Buchman has something as important to give the world as John Wesley, he may safely take for his Group as uninspiring a name as "Methodist" and yet be sure that the world will listen to him. If he has not, even the name of Oxford will not keep his movement alive for long. In any case, it is better to use words with a sense of the meaning they will convey to other people. The Dissenters did really mean that they dissented from somebody or something. Does the Oxford Group Movement mean—or does it not—that it is somehow associated with Oxford University? That is what its name will convey to most people. Hence, it seems to me that Mr. A. P. Herbert is right in protesting against the use of a name that can only be misleading. I am not an Oxford man, and so have no patriotic feelings on the matter. But I more or less agree with Socrates that a misuse of words is dangerous to the soul, and I don't like to see simple people—however undeliberately—misled. Y. Y.

## A PRAYER FOR THE FÜHRER

In happy America, on the useless roads of Europe, in thousands of small, far streets,
In ditches, in prisons, in hundreds of thousands of furnished rooms,
There lives a silent, separated people, with a few pennies, and no plan.
A father without a child, say, or a losf sister,
Or a soldier, or just an unknown, furious old man.
Their two hands grind together every night, and again in the warning morning
As they kneel on the carpet, grass, stone; as they've knelt since it all began,
And their fingers crack like the prophecy of shooting.
Their eyes burst with tears, and liquid sounds burst through their breath.
They are saying their prayers. Their prayers are for your death.

BRIAN HOWARD

# Miscellany

## COUNTRY NOTES

### May

At this season of the year, when so much in Nature happens so quickly, I find it difficult to keep my head. I surmise that such a phrase may read as an affectation; yet I protest with all my sincerity that I do try to set down on paper as simply and directly as possible the feelings by which I am moved. It is a hard thing to do; hard not to appear either exaggerated or mawkish, precious or inexact. It is very difficult indeed to write about Nature and the natural processes without getting bogged in morasses of sentimental language. It is difficult for any honest writer to express his feelings in a way which will convince himself, let alone his readers, of his original sincerity; and if it is hard enough to be starkly honest towards ourselves even in our own private thoughts, to arrive without embellishment or gloss at what we really mean, the writer alone knows how far harder it is to be faithful on paper. Something comes between the writer and his pen; the passionate feeling, the urgency to record, emerge as a blob of ink, a smudge, a decoration. As Orlando discovered, green in Nature is one thing, green in literature another. Thus if I set down that I have to-day seen apple-blossom strewn by wind on grass, I am stating a fact, and if I should happen to re-read my own words in future years (which is unlikely) they will probably recall that vision, as fresh and bright in memory as on that morning in the month of May. If, on the other hand, I start to expand my statement, in the hope of evoking a similar vision in the mind's eye of another, I shall immediately find myself drawn into semi-falsities, into truth wrapped round with untruth; I shall immediately begin to search for what the apple-blossom was 'like'; I shall find confetti or snowflakes as a convenient comparison; I shall hit on the word shell-pink to express the delicacy, the papery delicacy of the scattered petals; I shall begin to 'write'; but really, if I can be sufficiently severe with myself, I shall put my pen through all those blobs of ink, those wordy words, and cut myself back to the short phrase about apple-blossom strewn by wind on grass. It ought to be evocative enough, without amplification; but such is the impuissance of the human mind that it requires expansion before the experience of one person can be communicated to another. Or, at any rate, it requires a magic which mere prose is unable to provide. This is where poetry comes in; where poetry is, or should be, so far more evocative, more suggestive, than prose. Prose is a poor thing, a poor inadequate thing, compared with poetry which says so much more in shorter time.

Writing is indeed a strange and difficult profession.

### Farmers and Beauty

In this connection I have a quarrel with Dr. Joad. To me, he is not the distinguished lecturer of Birkbeck College, or even C. E. M. Joad, but simply Cyril, a puzzled philosopher trying to arrange the complications of life to suit his own ideas—an impossible attempt. My friend Cyril, then, who blows in on me occasionally with a knapsack on his back—for he is a confirmed hiker—writes several books every year and contrives to enrage me in each one. In his latest work he makes some remarks which I must challenge. He knows no farmer, he says, who cares for beauty. The English countryside, he says, is admittedly very beautiful, but who finds it to be so? The townsman. It is, he says, the townsman rather than the countryman who sensitively perceives the country. Pressing his argument, he instances Shakespeare, Richard Jefferies, and W. H. Hudson as writers on Nature who have spent most of their lives in towns; in fact he goes so far as to call them townsmen, which they certainly never were by origin, but only in later life. I quarrel with him on all these points.

My experience of farmers (and labourers, too) is that many have a deep though inarticulate appreciation of the beauty of Nature. They may not be endowed with Joad's gift of expression, but the silent contentment they bring to the smoking of their evening pipe as they lean over a gate when the day's work is done, surveying a clean orchard or a good crop coming up, is at least as deep as Joad's who has not had the bother, sweat, risk, and expense of spraying the orchard or sowing the crop. I deny absolutely that the countryman has no sense of the beauty he has himself (inadvertently and centennially) created. Of course he takes a more practical view than Joad. He surveys his acres with an eye to caterpillars, weevils and weeds. That does not imply blindness to the beauty of his landscape. It implies only that Joad-in-the-country has nothing to do but to observe the landscape and think of his next book, whereas the countryman in his rare hour of leisure has the double job of enjoying his acres and of wondering whether he has done the best he can by them for their own benefit and his own necessary profit. I freely admit that the real countryman's enjoyment of beauty may not be "pure"; it is associated with cognisant reflections; less detached than

that of the townsman who stands outside it; more intimately connected; it represents the difference, let us say, between marriage and romance. What Joad overlooks, however, is that marriage and romance are not necessarily disparate.

V. SACKVILLE-WEST

# NEW YORK WORLD'S FAIR

THE New York World's Fair exposes all the traditional American characteristics: the respect for size (need it be mentioned that this is the largest fair in history?), the respect for efficiency, for dollars, and even for cents, the mock commercial idealism (misusing the American's desire for any genuine ideal), the violently enterprising publicity, and all the honky tonk—the hot dogs and "cokes," the barkers and the Dove Girl, "a sweet little charmer clothed in doves, yes, gentlemen, nothing but doves." Of all the national projections at the Fair the American is the most appealingly human because the least inhibited.

But below this obvious character display there are more profound aspects of Americanism. There are, for example, the labour troubles, carefully unpublicised. Labour has been in a winning position throughout, for it was unthinkable that the Fair should not open on time or that any of the exhibitors should withdraw. And the demands of the building unions have come perilously close to racketeering. In view of the increasing bitterness between capital and labour these Fair disputes may turn out to be of more than temporary local significance.

The W.P.A. building, standing among the big industrial corporation pavilions, is also a significant item in the new pattern of American life. The European observer can feel only shame and envy as he reads the legend: "Work is America's answer to the need of idle millions. Work, not charity . . . peaceful work, not regimentation to build machines of war . . . useful public work to benefit us all."

Even the land upon which these buildings stand is a tribute to that wide vision and trust of the future which at present only Americans seem able to afford. Four years ago the Fair site was a marsh used as a city refuse dump. Under the impetus of New York's energetic Parks Commissioner, Robert Moses, this noisome marsh was filled in and planted, the cost of the development being split between the city and the non-profit-making Fair Corporation. Within four months of the Fair's closing, all the exhibition buildings must be torn down and removed. The only exceptions (an architectural misfortune) are the New York City building, which will be used as an indoor sports centre, and the water amphitheatre. The rest of the park will be laid out for playing fields, cycle tracks, gardens and a golf course.

As a park the site promises well, as a Fair ground it has serious disadvantages. Although lying in the geographical centre of greater New York, it is a half-hour's trip by rail or road from most points in Manhattan. The surroundings are dispiriting—a cemetery and some rundown coal depots are the most prominent features—and the monotonous flatness of the Fair site is made even more wearisome by the congestion of its plan. A series of avenues in the grand manner should at least have vistas to commend it; but here the vistas are blocked by oversize statuary of mediocre quality, by pylons and flags, and by the mist of spouting waters.

It matters little that few of the buildings are given space to be seen, for unfortunately the architects of yesterday are not the right people to attempt to build the World of To-morrow. Here are all the *clichés* of modern architecture applied without understanding by architects who consider modern just another style like Georgian or Colonial. With the exception of the Aviation building by William Lescaze and two or three of the individual exhibitors' buildings, the American section of the World of To-morrow cannot be said to reach even the standards of design set by European architecture of ten years ago.

For real American exhibition architecture you must go to the amusement section and see the fragile beauty of the parachute tower and the tight-rope walkers' equipment, the complex pattern of the wooden roller coaster framework. Here is architecture that is gay, inexpensive, impermanent—all the requirements of an exhibition building except The Message—yet it was all built without benefit of architect. Perhaps there is some significance in the fact that the most popular exhibit on the grounds is that of General Motors, which was produced by Bel Geddes, a theatrical designer!

In the Theme Centre, however, the Americans have achieved poise and distinction. It was fortunate that the Committee on Theme, which coined the words trylon, perisphere and helicline, left the designing to the architectural firm of Harrison & Fouilhoux. The latter have skilfully combined size and simplicity within volumetric form of inspiring type. Perhaps the most convincing tribute to the quality of their design is that one can still regard it with pleasure in spite of all the vulgarisation to which it has been subjected in the form of "souvenirs." Unfortunately the Fair authorities have done their best to kill the effect of their trade mark by the general plan congestion and the lack of any sufficiently open vistas.

In the foreign section the visitor finds himself on what is now familiar ground. German vulgarity is absent, but the presence of Czechoslovakia and Albania gives a disturbingly eerie effect to the whole section. In the try-your-strength contest Russia's stainless steel worker rings the bell, topping Italy's dirty-coloured Roma by more than 100 feet. Next door to Italy is the British pavilion and from a distance one has the impression that Roma is really Britannia, for of course we had heard that this time Britain was going to try and keep up with the Jones. And if you do that you have to have an oversize statue. Well, the British pavilion has one 45ft. high, gilt, and dull as they come; but (what inexperience!) it is *inside* the building.

The building itself has little but size, respectability and a charming garden to commend it. Circulation—the persuasive and unobtrusive steering of the visitor—has been worse handled only in the French pavilion. There is a collection of British painting and sculpture from the last 50 years and showings of documentary films, both appealing to foreigners interested in something other than industrial achievements, but both are tucked away in corners untouched by the natural lines of circulation.

As it turns out, the main interest has been in relics of the past: Magna Charta, the Crown Jewels, and the uniforms of the Coldstream Guards' band. Many of the manufacturers seem to have settled into the same groove. Wedgwood's large display case, for example, does not contain a single one of those excellent modern pieces designed by Keith Murray.

The social progress displays by Misha Black, although dwarfed by the large-scale emptiness of the building, are examples of fine workmanship and excellent taste, but somehow they lack that element of fantasy and surprise which will touch the attention of a jaded Fairgoer. But at least we can be thankful that the American public will not receive the impression given to the French, that our whole national life is concerned exclusively with huntin', fishin' and shootin'.

After being subjected to the battery of the Great Powers, it is an encouraging relief to visit the gentler and less pretentious exhibits of the second-class powers. These nations do not feel obliged to keep up with the Jones in anything but the quality of their work. The South American nations, Switzerland and the Scandinavians, all have interesting displays; but the Swedish pavilion (the most brilliant individual building at the Fair) will best serve to illustrate the point which we are trying to make.

This is a small building. On the dedication stone it is bluntly stated: "It is with modest resources that our country participates in this contest between the nations of the world." Although finely built it cost but one-eighth as much as the British pavilion, and it should cost very much less, in proportion, to demolish.

Sweden's statue, standing under the canopy at the front of the building, might well be a caricature of the Great Powers' effort to impress. For this full-size wooden horse is ridiculously chubby and painted bright vermilion. It has no heroic rider, it draws no chariot. Like almost all peasant art, it is gay, spirited and unaffected.

Sweden has its Message too, but it has been personalised. On a large wooden screen across the front of the building are photographs of ordinary men and women. Here is a teacher, Ulla Widmark, here an industrial worker, Olaf Calderon, there a young mother, Ingvor Gullers, and a half-dozen more. These are not " typed " models ; these are real people with all the immediacy of a Russian film crowd. You find as you pass through the displays, that these people carry through the story of Swedish civilisation as unaffectedly as though they were there in person.

Space does not allow a description of the building itself, an example of Sven Markelius' best work, its exhibit sheds open to the informal garden and the comfortable armchairs which make this one of the most charming " rest areas " on the Fair grounds. It remains to ask whether only a second-class power is capable of producing a pavilion so lighthearted and yet so distinguished in design. HAROLD VINING

# WALL PAINTING

IT is a pity that the organisers of this " Exhibition of Mural Painting in Great Britain " at the Tate Gallery, and the promoters of the newly founded " Society of Mural Painters " (secretary T. A. Fennimore, 32 St. James's Street, S.W.) could not be content with plain English but felt bound to robe themselves in a language with which, I make bold to surmise, few of them are intimately acquainted. " Mural " soon leads to " murals "—witness the very first paragraph of the preface to the catalogue ; and people who talk about " murals " start at a disadvantage with people who observe the decencies of language. This is a pity because these are the very people who might be expected to encourage and serve the new Society. Wall spaces are being created all over the country and it is most desirable that artists should be employed to embellish them. To this end collaboration must be established between painters, architects, builders, businessmen and officials ; and it is probable that some part of the task of cajoling businessmen and officials has already been allocated, in the minds of the promoters, to precisely those people who most definitely prefer English to jargon. I beg to move that the Society be known henceforth as " The Society of Wall Painters."

The exhibition at the Tate Gallery is not impressive, and would, indeed, call for scant notice, did it not emphasise a point of general interest and, I believe, of the utmost importance to those who are forming the Society. The point is, to put it bluntly, that wall painters must be painters. The business of wall painting has technical problems of its own, but the artistic problem is the same whether you are painting on a wall, a canvas or a board. Wall painting is not a craftsman's but an artist's job. That is the point, to which I must return ; but first let us consider the show. With a few welcome exceptions, it is composed wholly of photographs. Surely we might have been shown more sketches. As a wall painting depends for its effectiveness more than any other kind of picture on colour, this omission robs the show of almost all the interest an exhibition of sketches might have had. In the case of known works the photographs serve to remind us of the originals ; and a great pleasure it is to be reminded of *The Mumpers* by Augustus John. It would be easy to discover faults in this fine composition but it is much easier to discover beauties. The picture, unless I mistake, was painted some time ago : it is now in the Detroit Art Gallery, and one would be glad to see it again along with the Ford works. The paintings for Lady Gerald Wellesley's dining room at Penns in the Rocks by Duncan Grant and Vanessa Bell are known to many amateurs, who will be reminded by the photographs of one of the most lovely of contemporary decorations. John Armstrong's panels in Shell-Mex House are always accessible and always worth seeing.

So far I have referred only to the work of proved painters, who have used their talents to decorate walls and have succeeded. Whether Stanley Spencer is to be reckoned a painter may be matter for argument, but assuredly he is a figure in contemporary British art. Nevertheless it is difficult to imagine anything less suited to decorating a wall than his minute anecdotes and allegories. The Italian primitives certainly told stories in plenty on their walls ; but they told them in broad, generalised forms and generous, uncrowded designs, not in niggling shapes and huddled details. Rex Whistler, with his fine taste and scholarship, has gained a merited reputation as an illustrator ; but to put on a wall half a dozen ingenious versions in paint of engravings is not to be a wall painter. That to a certain type of mind the snappy bits by Aufseeser should appear so witty and modish as to be irresistible I understand ; but I do not understand why the Collier's Wood Methodists like to conceal their walls beneath the up-to-date contrivances of Feibusch. Neither can I imagine what delights the dons of Balliol in the work of Gilbert Spencer.

Wall painting differs from the painting of smaller pictures in that it must be decorative, broad, fluent and easily taken-in, and need not be intense ; whereas an easel-picture, to be first-rate, must have a certain intensity, and need not be decorative or fluent or of easy access. One looks into a picture and at a decoration. But a wall painter must be a painter and an artist. What is the matter with too many of the would-be wall painters whose work is shown in this exhibition is that they are neither. Apparently they do not think it necessary to be either. They seem to suppose that there is some craft or trade of " mural decoration " which has nothing to do with painting or art. So, for painting they substitute something which has the air of a mechanical process, and for art they substitute drollery. Their aim seemingly is to be funny. Should their jokes or their surprises fall flat, they have simply spoilt so much good plaster or canvas on plaster. As the best of jokes grow stale by repetition the work of these merry-makers seems unlikely to stand the test of time. That is as well. Meanwhile let us pray that the officers of the new Society will make it a rule that candidates for membership shall at least hope to be artists and try to be painters.

CLIVE BELL

# THE MOVIES

**" Hôtel du Nord," at the Paris**
**" Carrefour," at the Curzon**
**" Louise," at the Carlton**
**" The March of Time," No. 2, Fifth Year**

IN every particular but its central story *Hôtel du Nord* is absolutely first-rate. Atmosphere, small part playing, photography, lighting and cutting—all these things, excellent in themselves, have been combined into an artistic whole with skill and, I think one may justly say, genius. The very first shot shows a masterly touch. A couple of lovers climb a canal bridge with dragging steps, while alongside the brisk, everyday rhythm of the street cuts diagonally across their melancholy dawdle. This is perfect cinema ; how perfect we realise when, at the end, the effect is repeated in reverse. What has happened in between ? Well, not very much. The penniless lovers make a bungled attempt at a suicide pact : the nervous boy (Jean-Pierre Alimont) is caught and imprisoned, the girl (Annabella) recovers and gets a job in the very hotel where they had intended to die. A man with a shady past (Louis Jouvet) falls in love with her, and nearly persuades her to start a new life with him in the colonies. But not quite . . . That is almost all the story, and it is not in itself too interesting. This is partly due to a rather over-mannered performance from Annabella, but more to the fact that a film so packed with social observation simply has not

space enough to enquire deeply into motive and character. *Hôtel du Nord* is one of those films which make one wonder whether some half-way house could not be found between pure documentary and pure narrative cinema. Why not a series of interlocking sketches of which none need be developed to a definite conclusion? Of all the arts the cinema is best fitted to render the absorbing surface of life as it passes, and when it does this so brilliantly as *Hôtel du Nord* it is absurd to ask for more. We should be content, in such a film, to see as much as one might see of people in real life, only to guess at their motives and at what they do when they leave the hotel; constantly delighted by the mere spectacle of everyday human behaviour we might well dispense with standard narrative and be satisfied with a pattern of hints and speculations: the sort of pattern which Mrs. Woolf calls a novel.

The cast-list of *Hôtel du Nord* being one of those which lumps the minor characters together in a long, unspecified jumble, I cannot commend the playing of individuals. It is as well, for all are brilliant. Not for a long time have I had such exquisite enjoyment in the cinema as was provided by the detail in this film: the tired shuffle of the hotel servant along the shabby corridors, the talk at table downstairs, the *patron* running a hot iron over a steel-sprung mattress to eliminate its bugs or setting out *en famille* for a day's fishing with the flies off the hotel fly-paper. This is authentic France, authentic Paris, and authentic life: here people talk with their mouths full, a distant dog barks, without dramatic point, in the middle of a conversation, a man pulls out the dead hair before handing the comb to his girl. Do not miss *Hôtel du Nord*.

*Carrefour* is pleasant enough, but not in the same class. Is the respected industrial magnate M. de Vetheuil (who lost his memory in the war) the same man as the crook Jean Pelletier, or is he not? One would have thought that it would be easy to settle such a question, and a court of law does in fact settle it in the negative, but not without implanting doubts in the magnate's breast. The dénouement is unconvincingly brought about, and there is a certain air of improbability about the whole film, but it contains one admirable performance (a German doctor) and makes agreeable entertainment. I cannot say as much of *Louise;* and this distresses me, because (in spite of the stern disapproval of my musical friends) I continue to regard this opera as a work of genius in its way. Not much of the substance or the spirit of Charpentier's *roman musical* remains in this adaptation: Grace Moore sings well, speaks extraordinary French and busily rings the changes on her two facial expressions, but neither she nor Georges Thill can do anything with the long stretches of dialogue divested of its music, or with the pointless complications which some one has seen fit to introduce into the original plot. Even more extraordinary than Miss Moore's French is the English of the sub-titles, which religiously reproduces—and improves upon—all the stilted inversions of conventional operatic translation. Thus "Depuis le jour où je me suis donnée" comes out as "Ever since the day when unto thee I gave me."

Space only remains to remark that the March of Time's *Japan—Master of the Orient* is one of the very best pieces of work this institution has yet produced. PETER GALWAY

# OPEN AIR IN LONDON

LONDON at last is beginning to open up to the air. Lansbury's Lido—most popular of Socialist enterprises—has been followed by other blossomings. The bravery of the firework display in the London Music Festival is worthy imitation. Why not, for example, evening concerts of Nachtmusik, serenades, and so forth, not by military bands, but by orchestras picked from our unemployed musicians? Much music has been written specially for the open air, from Tchaikovsky's 1812 Overture (which could be made to link up now with A.R.P.) to Debussy's *Fêtes*, that most thrilling of tone poems which conjures up bands, promenaders and a firework display in itself. The rose garden in Regent's Park, Hampton Court and Kensington Gardens would make ideal settings for such performances.

It is extraordinary that London should remain, summer after summer, without its Tivoli or Luna Park. Every other capital city has one which is a raging success. Before the War there were the White City and Earls Court, both, alas, gone and unreplaced. It could be revived, surely, at Shepherd's Bush, or if not there, then in Hyde Park or on Hampstead Heath. Everything from music to fireworks, restaurants to great wheels, could be reinstated there; and there is no doubt that Londoners would flock to support such a venture. The dogs and the dirt track provide a very mean substitute.

Still, there is much to turn pleasure-seekers from the dusty pavement. In a few weeks the Zoo opens itself on two nights a week to visitors who will be entranced by the limelit ballet of demoiselle cranes and flying gibbons, and who will be able in terms of Bass and Worthington to enjoy all the delights of the German beer-garden. Nearby there is the Open Air Theatre, already open, with performances of Shakespeare which on fine nights rival Illyria and Setebos. What else? Oddy's boasts a dozen tables on the street; Charlotte Street flowers timidly with out-of-door dinners and shrubberies.

But how much more could be done. The river! What has happened to the gardens of the eighteenth century beloved of Rowlandson, Ranelagh, Paris, Marylebone? And there should be hundreds of boats plying between Greenwich and Richmond. A few years ago someone made the experiment of launching an expensive sad cabaret barge which drifted up and down, complaining mildly, off the Embankment. Something more robust and gayer is needed. Mr. Herbert's plans for river buses may be fantastic but there's everything to be said for trying out a fleet of pleasure boats. Then, too, we might take a leaf from Paris. Light up the bridges, introduce a fiery sea-serpent next the Houses of Parliament. And those neglected heights, at the Crystal and Alexandra Palaces, there we should be able to enjoy floodlit horse-racing and a whiff of the fashions from Longchamps. Aeroplane trips, too, enlivened by searchlights, would give the diner-out a cool and unaccustomed thrill. Obviously London could be made a paradise at night.

One of the thrills we can enjoy is the river trip to Southend. Now Southend may not be Brighton, but it is something on its own, *echt* seaside. The pier is longer, there is more sea and mud, more oysters (delicious salty gobs) go down dusty throats than anywhere else. There is an "R" in every month on the Southend front. And the mud, so famous, is even an attraction, particularly at sunset, while for those strange souls who love the sea there are duckboards leading out to the water's edge. Every year, like denizens of an evicted city, comes the army of draggle-tailed women drawing children, of people reading the *People*, to pass and repass on the front. Choppy yachts bob their way to Ramsgate, Canvey Island, Shoeburyness; a mountain railway switches visitors over the eastern roofs of the town. Beyond Westcliff there extends a ripe and rotten suburbanism, but Southend itself is much more than a suburb of London. A true story about Southend, one feels, would have to begin, "In Tregunter Road there was once a house without the card 'Bed and Breakfast.'" Many of its visitors in the season come from the north. And once a year, like an emergent river-god, comes St. James Agate, to spout a sonnet of Rimbaud, swallow his own words and dive off the end of the pier.

The new toy in the shop windows is the Chamberlain, a sort of sweetmeat novelty in the shape of an umbrella. Children gnaw it thoughtfully. Perhaps this is the way in which the name of that most disastrous of statesmen will go down to history. The Cheshire cat-grin of politicians, Chamberlain's brolly, Baldwin's lethargic pipe.

The boat comes back at night: tempestuous scenes. Here you will catch all the revels of Rowlandson's *Landing at Greenwich* and accents as sweet as chives.

> Your Molly has never been false, she declares,
> Since last time we parted at Wapping Old Stairs,
> When I vowed that I still would continue the same,
> And gave ye the bacco box marked with my name.
>
> When I passed a whole fortnight between decks with you
> Did I e'er give a kiss, Tom, to one of your crew?
> To be useful I tried, with my Thomas I stayed
> For his trousers I washt and his grog, too, I made.

Behind, you leave the high-steppers, the lovers with snails of speech on their lips, all the topers, razzlers and flatfooted floogies of the modern world. Jazz there has reached its weirdest and most

insolent. An oddity extends even into the hotels. You find an Austrian refugee playing Chopin in the vast Palace; and precisely at seven every morning a military-looking gentleman walks into the bathroom in front of you, occupying, of course, your bath. My bedroom bell didn't work. *Ce qu'il y a de Kafka dans les hôtels anglais.*

The mermaids are singing, each to each,
I do not think that they will sing to me.

Ah well, this summer, try Southend. G. W. STONIER

# PLAYS AND PICTURES

### "Rhondda Roundabout," at the Globe

This is an unusual and interesting play in which there is only one effective curtain, only occasional patches of real drama and in which the acting is good but uneven. The first two acts centre round a finely conceived character of a Welsh miner (excellently played by Mervyn Johns), but much to one's disappointment he fades out in the third act. In a sentence, the writing of this play could be greatly improved and there is an amateurish note about the whole performance. But there is enough reality and content in it to make a dozen ordinary west-end dramas, and though one is never satisfied or enthralled, one is interested throughout. Mr. Jones sets out to depict the Rhondda Valley and the struggle of individuals in it to keep their end up in spite of tragedy, boredom, unemployment and poverty. The atmosphere of the mining disaster in No. 2 Pit in the second act is admirably achieved and its effect on the character of the people in the play is the best part of it. Shoni Lloyd, the tough miner, with humour and understanding, who composes quarrels, makes things easy for lovers and even manages a busy and disappointed wife, is a real and convincing figure. The drinking shell-shocked captain (a good character very well acted) and the beery sentimental bookmaker who befriends him, the callow clergyman, the old musician who can no longer remember whether he is conducting *Elijah* or *The Messiah*, the self-important deacon who spends his life raising money to keep the chapel going, the embittered wife, the boxer who loses his girl, the girl who "goes wrong"—all of them, Mr. Jones suggests, are doing their bit by just grimly holding on, helping one another even when they cannot afford it. The only characters who are caricatures and to whom he allows no virtues, are two Communist speakers, and Mr. Jones would have made his play very much better if he had made them real too and suggested that they also in their own way were standing up to the fight "until the bell rang." Mr. Jones, one imagines, has given up the idea of "improving things"; he only finds value in human relationships and in the capacity for endurance. This is a philosophy we are all tempted to fall back upon to-day and I should expect *Rhondda Roundabout* to achieve a considerable success partly because it is real and fresh and partly because it deals with a moving social problem from a moral rather than a political point of view.

### Glyndebourne Opera

The sixth season of opera at Glyndebourne opened brilliantly last week with Mozart's *Figaro*. The high standard of previous years was not only well maintained but even in some respects improved upon, and there were several newcomers in the cast. There have been good Cherubinos in *Figaro* at Glyndebourne, and this year there is still another, Rise Stevens, an American. Although in years she is probably the youngest of Glyndebourne's Cherubinos she did not give this impression at her entry in the first act and her singing of *Non so piu* lacked the irresistible youthful charm which it ought to have. In her next scene, in the boudoir of the Countess, she was the best Cherubino the writer has ever known. Nothing is more difficult than for a young woman to play a boy's part successfully. Miss Stevens's Cherubino is boyish without being arch and her singing of *Voi che sapete* with its self-conscious beginning and gradually increasing warmth of expression was a triumph. This excellent impression was retained till the end, and Mr. Christie may be congratulated on another acquisition to his Glyndebourne singers. Maria Markan from Iceland was also new as the Countess. She plays with admirable dignity, looks the part and is a pleasing and polished singer who lacks nothing but a more inward intensity of feeling to be almost ideal. Mr. Starling did well as Basilio and nothing need be said here of such well-known performances as the Count of John Brownlee, the Figaro of Mariano Stabile, the Bartolo of Baccaloni and Miss Audrey Mildmay's lively and engaging Susanna.

On the second night at Glyndebourne *Macbeth* was revived with a new Lady Macbeth, Margherita Grandi, who comes from Tasmania, and has studied in Italy. She gave a magnificent performance, vocally superb and dramatically thrilling. Francesco Valentino has even improved on his last year's fine performance as Macbetn, and Carl Ebert has made one or two slight but successful alterations in the production. The result is overwhelmingly successful. One hesitates to say that a conductor and producer have done complete justice to an opera but on this occasion one feels that Verdi himself would have been content with what Fritz Busch and Carl Ebert have achieved for his *Macbeth*.

### "Rodelinda" at the Old Vic.

The production of Handel's little known opera *Rodelinda*, composed in 1725, was prepared by the Arts Department of Dartington Hall with the aid of the Jooss Ballet which has a school of dance there, and of Mr. Hans Oppenheim who was for a period under Dr. Fritz Busch at Glyndebourne. The production bears certain marks of Joossiness in its not altogether happy efforts at stylisation in gesture, setting and costumes. The scenery was lurid and unimaginative, the costumes and make-up at times strikingly unsuccessful as in the case of Grimoaldo, but at other times felicitous as, for instance, with Garibaldo. The librettos of opera have often been a target for adverse criticism, but that of *Rodelinda* is a butt for ridicule, and there were many spontaneous guffaws from the audience as its intricacies were unfolded. Handel's operas, however, stand or fall by their singing. Their unvaried sequence of recitatives and arias demands the keenest dramatic sense and vocal virtuosity to preserve them from monotony. The recitatives were mostly very badly sung, but Mr. Stanley Pope, Miss Flora Nielson, Mr. Roderick Jones, Mr. John Fullard, Miss Margaret Barry and Mr. Richard Wood all made creditable and not altogether unsuccessful attempts to cope with the difficulties of the arias. Mr. Hans Oppenheim was a reliable conductor and gave the singers effective support.

### Braque at Rosenberg and Helft's

Everyone interested in painting will want to see an exhibition which includes a dozen Braques dated 1939, but this seems a disappointing vintage. A grave refinement has always distinguished this artist's work, and this was preserved in his last show despite the intension of his palette. Now his pictures have become agitated, broken up, busy with zigzags; and it is difficult not to think that he has been unluckily influenced by Picasso. But where Picasso is anguished or ferocious, Braque seems only petulant. The texture of the paint remains remarkable—No. 18, for instance, has the beauty of velvet, and there are lovely passages of colour, but the restlessness of design is distracting. Is it impudent to suggest that Braque has at last, very comprehensibly, got rattled by the state of the world? The recurring skull motive seems symbolical. He makes great play with the graining of wood, and an easel that he paints is deliquescent in a way invented by Picasso. The best of these 1939 pictures is the *Femme Dessinant*. Some of his rather less recent paintings are again exhibited, and remind us of his habitual serenity. In the case of so justly eminent an artist as Braque, to condemn even a phase of his work, after seeing only a dozen pictures, would be rash, and it is likely that he is finding his way to a wider expressiveness. We may, therefore, welcome these pictures, even if we cannot be enthusiastic about them. An artist who ceases to explore is lost.

# THE COMING WEEK

SATURDAY, June 10th—
League of Arts: A Choral Ballet to the incidental music of Purcell's "Dioclesian," Hyde Park, 3 and 7.

SUNDAY, June 11th—
S. K. Ratcliffe: "America and the World Crisis," Conway Hall, 11.
Mass Rally to Demand Anglo-Soviet Pact, Hyde Park, 6.

MONDAY, June 12th—
Randall Swingler on Amber Blanco White's "The New Propaganda," 67 Eton Ave., N.W.3, 8.
Ruth Draper, Vaudeville.

TUESDAY, June 13th—
Agnes Hardie: "A Woman Condemns War and Conscription," Friends House, 1.20.
Exhibition of Photographs dealing with Air Survey in Relation to Planning and Housing Development, Housing Centre. Till June 24th.

David Spreckley: "British Refugee Policy—Kind or Callous," 67 Eton Ave., N.W.3, 8.15.
Intimate Opera presented by Frederick Woodhouse, Winifred Radford and Geoffrey Dunn, Mercury Theatre, 8.30. And on June 15th, 17th and 20th.
"Pygmalion," Haymarket.

WEDNESDAY, June 14th—
"Bridge of Sighs," St. Martin's.
"Gaieté de Montmartre," Prince of Wales.

THURSDAY, June 15th—
National Council for Civil Liberties Garden Meeting, Cedric Belfrage: "The Fight for Democracy—Here and in U.S.A.," 14 Holland Park, W.11, 6.30.

FRIDAY, June 16th—
Ivor Montagu: "Soviet Cinema," 98 Gower Street, 8.

# Correspondence

## THE SOUTHPORT CONFERENCE

SIR,—I am mildly astonished at both Mr. Crossman and THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION as a result of reading your issue of June 3rd. If Mr. Crossman continues to give heed to "rumours" flying about at Labour Party Conferences, he will end by being not only very busy but very puzzled—and so will his readers.

Let me say quite categorically that there is not even the shadow of a shadow of truth in the "rumour" which appeared over his name that "official representations were made to Mellor to form an opposition and keep the debates alive."

As for the declaration that I am in high favour—I presume at "Transport House"—for my disagreement with Cripps on the Popular Front, let me just say two things: first, it strikes me as a silly comment, and, secondly, if I am in favour, it will be a bit of a novelty in my political life. WILLIAM MELLOR

5 The Croft, Stanley Gardens, N.W.3.

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SIR,—The severity of Mr. Crossman's manner towards Sir Stafford Cripps' effort in his article of last week is what a beaten cause must expect. But may I question the adequacy of his diagnosis of the causes of its failure? It may be, as he says, that it bored the Southport Conference. Of that I cannot judge, for I was not present. But in so far as this may be true, an explanation readily suggests itself. Every delegate knew in advance what the result must be, given the attitude of the Trade Union leaders who control the block vote. A debate in these conditions lacks reality and may well be wearisome. But it is mistaken to suggest that Sir Stafford Cripps' campaign bored the Movement. It is generally conceded that he spoke to very many crowded and enthusiastic audiences in places where the leaders of the majority found no comparable welcome.

In spite of this, it may be objected, his cause was in a minority even among the delegates of the constituency parties. Here I believe that factors other than weariness or fatalism played a part. The issue was decided in the early weeks of the campaign by the ruthless discipline of the Executive, and by the play of financial forces. Some symptoms of the working of these forces could be observed even by outsiders. There were leading personalities in the movement, Mr. Will Lawther for example, and several M.P.s whom I need not name, who in the first weeks backed the Popular Front idea, and afterwards withdrew. In some cases this withdrawal was brought about by financial pressure. The penalty for perseverance would have been the loss of the substantial grant paid towards election expenses by certain of the more powerful Trade Unions.

The fear of expulsion operated widely. As chairman of the Labour Spain Committee, which last year exposed itself to this threat and survived it, I had the opportunity of watching its effect at close quarters. It intimidates precisely the most idealistic and disinterested members of the rank and file, for if they should be expelled, or their party disaffiliated, they stand to lose every effective chance of working for the Socialist cause that is their life. Some will choose defiance; others, influenced by this most natural fear, yield to arguments that would not satisfy them if the decision were really free.

This kind of discipline, backed as it is by money, is, I believe, wholly unnecessary. Spontaneously, when he is left to himself, the typical working-class member of the Party has an inbred and instinctive sense for unity that needs no such reinforcement. He feels that in the struggle of classes his one asset lies in solidarity. The enemy has all the advantages of wealth and professional talents. On his side what is there? Only a multitude of obscure, poor men, destined to be routed if their ranks are broken. The long experience of the industrial battle has bred an instinct for unity so powerful that any leader who proposes a departure from the accepted doctrines and tactics of the Movement comes before it with a halter round his neck. On this instinct a healthy Labour Party could rely. Less than any other party need it fear free discussion. What it has to fear is rather that this massive instinct for unity may destroy its ability to adapt itself to changing conditions. When, in addition, coercion is used, brutally and crudely, as it was in this case, the result must be a loss both of vitality and of self-respect. H. N. BRAILSFORD

Monks Risborough, Bucks.

## FEDERATION

SIR,—Mr. Hogben's letter appearing in your issue of June 3rd raises a very vital question and one which should be settled immediately. It is not so much—has the Labour Party, but has any political party, an acceptable solution for the present deadlock other than that of war or of a perpetuation of the stress resulting from the division of Europe into two armed camps. The lack of interest displayed in the recent by-elections which were fought largely on the international question would seem to show that there is a very dangerous spirit abroad, one which seems to mark a feeling of hopeless resignation to the inevitability of a war or a continuation of the crushing burden of heaping armaments.

There can be few people who, having followed the trail of post-war history or having made a correct analysis of the tragedy of the League of Nations, could accept Mr. Hogben's first alternative anyhow other than as a policy of despair. In regard to his second alternative, there is a growing feeling not only in America as a result of Clarence Streit's book *Union Now*, but also in this country, that some form of Federal Union is the only alternative to the ultimate ruin that the present international anarchy must bring. It is questionable, however, if Mr. Hogben's idea that the relinquishment of national sovereignty, which is implicit in the idea of Federation, should apply only to certain of the existing functions of the national state, would lead to any

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better results than those which attended the labours of the League of Nations. The principle of Federation presupposes the complete abdication of national sovereignty to the international organ of power and a delegation back to the national state by that power of those functions of government which are essentially national. For a Federation to be operative in the true interests of all its members it must have complete control over all those functions which are of common concern. Otherwise the conflict of national interests outside the scope of the Federal body must inevitably disrupt the Union from within.

For this reason it would seem that the second alternative should be for a policy of complete Federal Union based upon certain fundamental principles of individual liberty which could be accepted in the first instance by those states whose political, economic and cultural standards are such as to render them susceptible of being welded together into a Federation.

Federal Union, W. E. LUCAS
44 Gordon Square, London, W.C.1.

## "THE ENGLISHMAN'S CASTLE"

SIR,—This title at the head of Dr. Harry Roberts' article, and his excellent first paragraph deploring Council tenements as mere hygiene devoid of humanity, filled me with the glowing expectation that another doughty blow was going to be struck at the depraved housing standards that the increasing congestion and confusion of London has thrust upon its once idealistic authorities. Every serious student of housing and of family and social life is unhappy about the drift away from the house-and-garden standard with which the rehousing movement started its glorious career in 1919 under the slogan "Homes for Heroes." And it is being realised more and more that the return to the detestable expedient of warehousing families of men, women and children in four to six-storey flats, fashionable seventy years ago and consigned to the dustbin early in this century with the growth of the political power of the working people, is not an advance in technique, but a thing forced upon us by the excessive size of cities and the consequent famine price of land and the intolerable burden of journeys to suburbs where dwellings suitable for families are obtainable. As Dr. Roberts says, flatted tenements are more sanitary than the slums they replace, but "they still fall ridiculously short of the minimum standard of an English family home."

I read the rest of Dr. Roberts' article with growing incredulity deepening to horror. The Englishman's Castle proves after all to be a block of flats on a disused gas-works site adjoining a railway, built in five storeys at a density of fifty dwellings to the acre. These fifty dwellings contain 285 human beings, of whom one hundred and seventy are children. To get an idea of what this means, let the reader imagine a quite small suburban garden of less than one-eighth of an acre used continuously by thirty-five people, of whom about twenty-three are children of all ages. Putting it another way, the total land space available for each five people, for all purposes, including the building, gardening space, sitting-out space, all paths, children's play-space and space for washing, works out at one-sixtieth of an acre, or rather less than the total floor-space *within walls* of a typical Home for Heroes. In fact, of course, this space is far too small to be divided up among the individual families, but this does not add to the actual area available for each. To reach the ground, babies living on the upper floors must be carried down by their mothers—they cannot run in and out as healthy human children have an overpowering desire to do. Nor can they find the necessary release in the wide open spaces of a balcony three feet wide by nine feet long. And if they remain within, they have a total area of perhaps six hundred square feet for their entire movements, including in this the bedrooms and the 2ft. 9in. gap between the gas boiler and the dresser where mother is preparing the dinner. Sound-proofing is impossible in cheap tenements, so that noise and movement, which are part of the output of normal children, must be socially discouraged. Anyone who has taken part in the upbringing of a family of children, can conceive what such conditions mean. I just don't understand Dr. Roberts' wild whoop of joy, as if he had discovered a new Eldorado.

Kensal House is a brilliant piece of work. It is almost impossible to do better if you have to put fifty dwellings on an acre. It is far superior to anything in Sweden or Vienna. I recommend anyone who thinks there is an "ideal working class flat" laid up in heaven to pay it a visit. But I think Dr. Roberts is unfair to put the whole responsibility for it on the shoulders of one very conscientious and energetic lady. Four of our most brilliant architects also collaborated, but I would not put the blame on them either. They have swathed in a seemly dress a hideous type of development. The real culprits are the Government and the local authorities who have neglected to control the extension and density of our cities, and public opinion, which has been indifferent to a social issue of the first magnitude. There are other, far better and far cheaper ways of developing our cities. F. J. OSBORN

16 Guessens Road,
Welwyn Garden City, Herts.

## EUROPEAN JUNGLE

SIR,—Those parts of Major Yeats-Brown's letter in which he accuses me of harbouring a "pathological hatred" of Hitler, and insinuates that I have never been to Bavaria, etc., are not really very important. Actually, I could bring myself to abandon yearly visits to Munich only as late as 1934–5. However, of all the points I made against his book he has managed to dispute two, and it behoves me to reply.

First, he evades the issue about the Nazi authorities' well-known and officially admitted desire for prohibition with a phrase about wine and beer being "served regularly to all Herr Hitler's guests." This is hardly the point. I can tell him, though, that Dr. Goebbels, whom he would probably prefer to believe, has even opened an attack on beer by asserting, falsely, that it was never drunk by the ancient Germans. I advise him to look that up, and Tacitus too. One reason for the anti-beer agitation is, of course, the shortage of grain.

Secondly, he suggests that I know nothing of France, or Freemasonry; should not receive books on Europe for review, etc., all because of my words—"an extraordinary thing called the Grand Orient." Now, the Major must remember that the Grand Orient, to the majority of English people, is not a fiendish thing, as it is to him, or a fiendishly dull thing, as it is to me, but an unknown thing. Early in my review, therefore, I aroused the reader's interest, by an entirely legitimate literary device, and later, I explained that what the author meant was a malevolent body of Freemasons. Which is what he did mean. Perhaps he should have mentioned this in his letter? I have an idea, incidentally, that he isn't much better at Freemasonry than anyone else. He says in his book:

> In France, on the other hand, and in many other countries, the Grand Orient (with 30,000 members in France), the Grand Lodge of France (16,000 members) the *Droit Humain* (4,000 members) exercise a secret and powerful influence on industry, education and politics.

If he goes into the matter, he will discover that the Grand Lodge of France was founded, in 1914, precisely in repudiation of the Grand Orient's political affiliations. Personally, I find no scandal in the world so intolerably boring as scandal about Freemasons; I realise that the Major disagrees, and I had half a mind to make him a present of my copy of Dior's *La Franc-Maçonnerie*, one of the more ingenious *Crapouillots* of 1938, but I reflected that he would believe every word of it, and the thought of egging on a man who must already be one of the most expert and remorseless believers alive to-day was too much for me.

There is nothing more for me to say—nothing, at least, that the Major has not said for me, and better than I could. On page 321 of *European Jungle*, for instance.

> The more I learned about Frenchmen the less I understood them.

Jolly decent of him to make a clean breast of it.

Gorebridge, Hascombe, Surrey. BRIAN HOWARD

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SIR,—My interest has been keenly aroused by a sentence in a letter from Major Yeats-Brown, which appears in your issue for June 3rd:

> If your reviewer knows anything at all about France he should know of the great political influence of Masonry in that country and of the great opposition to the Grand Orient, not only amongst Roman Catholics, but nowadays amongst people of all classes, who are beginning to see it as a tool of Communism and International Jewry.

*International Jewry?* I asked myself. *International Jewry?* Why have I not been let in on this? I have been writing books and articles for a score of years now; the least that International Jewry could have done (I said to myself hotly) was to enlist the aid of my pen, for what it is worth.

Trembling all over with temper, I reached for my telephone and rang up one after another of my Jewish writing friends. Had *they* been let in on it? No, they hadn't, not one of them. Well,

according to Major Yeats-Brown, I pointed out, it wasn't too late, even now. Oughtn't we to address ourselves without a moment's delay to *International Jewry?*

That was all right, they said, but what was its postal address? Who was the President? Who were the Vice-Presidents? Who were the Members of the Committee? Were the Rothschilds on the Executive? But they didn't seem to be pulling much weight lately, seeing the way they let the Nazis treat one of the most important members of their family, without being able to do much about it for an awful long time.

What about the big German-Jewish families, the Warburgs and all those? Well, that was *too* silly, wasn't it? It couldn't be *them*, clearly.

Well, where *could* the headquarters of *International Jewry* be, where *could* it be? Was it perhaps Tel Aviv, in Palestine? But it couldn't be Tel Aviv, or they wouldn't have let Mr. Malcolm MacDonald make such a mess of the place. Was it New York? But you never saw such a trouble as there is among the Jews of that town, split from top to toe as they are between Jews of the Congress and Jews of the Council.

It was most humiliating. Here were we Jews who didn't know the name of a single member even of the rank and file of *International Jewry*, and here was a Gentile gentleman, this Major Yeats-Brown, and he knew (apparently) all about it, or quite a lot, anyhow.

Do you think you, Sir, could get the chivalrous major to give us a few names and addresses? Even *one* name and *one* address would do to be going on with.

At this last moment one name and address comes up at me despairingly. Perhaps Mr. Victor Gollancz, of Henrietta Street, is on the executive of *International Jewry*, the Mr. Gollancz who so brilliantly published the chivalrous major's *Bengal Lancer* and helped him to earn such a lot of money? Or perhaps the major has returned all that ill-gotten money to Mr. Gollancz since discovering he is on the Executive?

That is, if he *is* on the Executive. I don't know. It would be *so* nice to know. *Do* get the major to give us a name or two, won't you? Do your best. LOUIS GOLDING

16 Hamilton Terrace, N.W.8.

## THE PROBLEM OF COAL

SIR,—Mr. Kay's heart is obviously in the right place, but he will not help the miner by a letter containing in almost every sentence an error of fact or of interpretation.

(*a*) Your readers certainly pay 45*s.* to 55*s.* a ton for household coal, but the miner doesn't spend all his time getting this highest-priced variety of coal. The greater part of what he digs will be sold to industry or for export at much lower prices. The true comparison is that out of total net costs of production amounting to 16*s.* 0.34*d.* a ton in 1938, wages accounted for 10*s.* 6.66*d.* a ton; proceeds of commercial disposals averaged 17*s.* 4.35*d.* a ton, leaving the owners with a credit balance of 1*s.* 4.01*d.*

(*b*) In the absence of a name, I am forced to assume that the story of the steel works moved to the coast so as to use imported coal is a myth. If any steel works has recently been moved to the coast, the reason will be to use imported *ore.*

(*c*) The story of mineowners shipping their coal abroad at 6*d.* a ton is equally mythical. Minimum prices are fixed under statutory schemes, and since 1936 these schemes have been practically water-tight. In any case, 6*d.* a ton, I meantersay, as George Robey would remark!

(*d*) There is no Coal Mines Reorganisation Act. If Mr. Kay is referring to the Coal Mines Act, 1930, under which the now defunct Coal Mines Reorganisation Commission was set up, its purpose was hardly to enable "colliery groups to keep up the price of coal by closing 'redundant' mines," but rather to facilitate the compulsory amalgamation of mines in cases where colliery groups had shown singular reluctance in doing so; in any case, not one case of compulsory amalgamation was carried through. On the whole the mineowners share Mr. Kay's views about "redundant" pits. IVOR THOMAS

The Athenaeum, Pall Mall, S.W.1.

## PEACE SERVICE HANDBOOK

SIR,—Many readers of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION must have been disappointed at Critic's notes on the Peace Pledge Union's latest pamphlet, the Peace Service Handbook, 80,000 copies of which have already been sold. It is not simply "that pacifists have a moral repugnance to fighting and therefore seek a form of work in which they can maintain the things they value," nor do they seek this work because of the danger of war. They believe that war is not only morally wrong and futile, but that it is not inevitable. The Handbook sets out quite clearly the choice which lies before every individual—that of working for Peace by peaceful methods, or of working along the old discredited path of bigger and better armaments.

I fancy that the cause of all the trouble and that which inspired Critic's wrath was the inclusion of the "Link" in a list of seventeen other bodies that plan international tours. It is surely out of proportion to suggest that because of the inclusion of this one "suspect" body, the value of an otherwise constructive booklet is impaired? JOHN BARCLAY

Dick Sheppard House,
6 Endsleigh Street, London, W.C.1.

## A DIFFERENCE OF OPINION

SIR,—In your review of the Prime Minister's speeches, Mr. R. H. Crossman states that I write "with the obsequious grace of a political toady." A writer, like any other public man, is fair game for comment, and I for one would never expect Mr. Crossman to be anything but critical of my political opinions. I have never had the pleasure of meeting him, but it is clear that he and I differ profoundly with each other's conception of foreign policy.

I do not agree, however, that this entitles Mr. Crossman to describe me as a "toady." The New English Dictionary defines "toady" as "a servile parasite," "a sycophant," and "an interested flatterer." As in the prevailing state of literary political fashion, it is certainly not to the interests of a professional writer to avow his support of the Conservative Party, let alone of its Leader's foreign policy, it can scarcely be as "an interested flatterer" that Mr. Crossman thinks of me. Therefore I presume it must be as "a sycophant" and a "servile parasite." Though Mr. Crossman is as marked and, I am sure, as honest a Socialist as I am a Tory, I should hesitate to use such terms about another member of my profession unless I was quite certain that his personal character merited it. Your readers may assume that Mr. Crossman has some proof of this not known to them. If he has none, I think as a fellow author and scholar he owes me an apology.

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Mr. Crossman also states that I am inspired by "a bitter hatred of everything to do with progress." This is legitimate criticism, but it does not happen to be true. In domestic questions I may for all Mr. Crossman knows be even more "progressive" than he is himself. For example, I have publicly advocated for the past ten years the education of all children at the same primary schools, the statutory provision of holidays with pay, and a compulsory system of profit sharing for all industrial employees—and this not on Socialist platforms or at Labour Summer Schools. That I do not share Mr. Crossman's interpretation of recent events in Europe may be regrettable, but it does not constitute me an enemy of "everything to do with progress." We are both of us students of history who have rashly essayed the task of recording the multi-faced and conflicting present, and posterity is just as likely to prove the one of us wrong as the other.

East Claydon, Bucks. ARTHUR BRYANT

## CZECH CHILDREN

SIR,—I am very anxious to find a home in this country for two children from a Czech refugee family. They are aged 8½ and 5, a boy and a girl respectively. Their photographs can be supplied. May I appeal through your paper to anyone who loves children to help these unfortunate people?

9 Fellows Road, N.W.3. V. MAUTNER

## WHAT PRICE ?

SIR,—We are two Communists running a gown and coat shop and do not work on what Mr. John Myers has been told is "the usual thing in the gown business."

We mark all our goods in plain figures with just enough profit to pay for our living, our politics and our holidays; the garments are shown in the windows marked with these same figures.

We have often seen garments, shown in windows of shops with much higher rents and rates than ours, marked at prices below which a manufacturer could make. We are told that such shops work on a three price system.

(1) The higher price, on which the assistant receives commission.

(2) The medium price, to which she can reduce it.

(3) The window price. In some shops a girl selling at that price receives notice of dismissal.

We have heard of quite competent saleswomen having to leave because they have sold something from the window.

If customers really insist on having the garment from the window they may find that it is a misfit. The sleeves may be in their wrong armholes, or a seam may be slit at the back, things that can easily be rectified when the windows are redressed and the goods put back into stock.

Such business methods should certainly be exposed (we speak with feeling, as many people are attracted by them, and lured away from legitimate businesses). G. & E.

## ARACHNOPHOBIA

SIR,—Might I suggest that the dislike or fear of spiders need not arise from some form of neurosis or psychological kink, but may merely be due to the startling celerity with which a spider suddenly moves and drops—where, one knows not? That he has vanished with lightning speed and may be climbing up or down one, causes momentary horror and disgust. This swift and sudden movement is also responsible for the alarm the mouse produces upon nervous people—their instinct is to jump on chairs to be out of the way.

If spiders and mice moved no faster than caterpillars it is improbable that they would cause much dislike, still less fear!

MELICENT NORRIS

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SIR,—May I say I have enjoyed reading "Y. Y.'s" article on Spiders? In June, 1937, I introduced a long-legged spider (*Pholcus Phalangioides*), holding a ball of eggs in her jaws, to a glass jar. She soon spread a tangle of threads, and a month later the spiderlings came forth, crowded about their parent's face a day or two and then separated. I gave the mother a window-gnat, which she held to her mouth for 48 hours; and the day after she dropped it she moved to the bottom of the jar to see if there was still some goodness in the remains. A spider of this kind has been at home in a corner, by the ceiling, in my room from last summer; like other spiders she seems to live mostly on patience.

One September I took a zebra spider from a rail in Hyde Park and put her into a match-box. There she stayed, apart from occasional exercise on a table, till the following spring. Her only refreshment was from a lesser house-fly and a few drops of water, but her agility on being released in a garden off Whitehall was normal. The great majority of spiders met with are females.

As "Y. Y." says "spiders (English ones) are living embodiments of harmlessness"; spinners of the geometric web allow me to stroke their backs with the tip of the finger. May I ask if persons afflicted with arachnophobia dread tiny spiders and daddy-long-legs? CAMERON SHORE

## GANGWAY DOWN!

SIR,—In his appreciative notice of Dave Marlowe's novel *Gangway Down!* your reviewer refers to the author's autobiography, which he says "was discovered by Desmond MacCarthy." This is not quite correct; Mr. MacCarthy had discovered Mr. Marlowe some time before *Coming, Sir!* was begun, for it was he who first encouraged the young waiter to develop his bent for writing by suggesting that he should submit to THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION two articles describing a steward's life on board a Transatlantic liner. We saw these articles in THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION and immediately asked the author to write his autobiography for us; Mr. MacCarthy then very kindly provided a Foreword. G. E. KAMM

London, W.C.1. George G. Harrap and Co., Ltd.

## W. B. YEATS

SIR,—Arrangements have now been completed for the production of an authorised biography of the late W. B. Yeats, to be written by Mr. Joseph Hone, who will have at his disposal all the material in the possession of the poet's representatives.

Mr. Hone would be grateful if Mr. Yeats's friends and correspondents would give him the opportunity of seeing any letters that might be of value in the preparation of this biography. If the letters were addressed to this office, marked "Yeats Biography," they would be carefully copied and returned to the owners as rapidly as possible. MACMILLAN & CO. LTD.

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# Current Literature

## BOOKS IN GENERAL

MR. HONE'S life of George Moore showed such understanding of the difficult, divided nature of that writer that his biography of one of Moore's closest friends, *A Life of Henry Tonks* (Heinemann, 16s.), arouses expectations. It is not Mr. Hone's fault that these should be disappointed; that after a life of Moore, one of Tonks should, in the nature of things, prove an anticlimax. Moore was in every way a great subject. He had, as he pointed out himself, a double nature. Absurdly vain, he was an unsparing searcher out of his own faults which he exposed mercilessly. Though often ungenerous, he would, as I can testify, devote many days to help the work of a younger writer. Though vulgar, he had an exquisite ear. But above all he was a true artist, who sacrificed all to his art. In place of such gifts, such contradictions of temper and of a life devoted to the triumphant creation of masterpieces as varied as *Wilfrid Holmes, A Mummer's Wife* and *Heloise and Abelard*, what has Henry Tonks to offer as a subject? Little indeed but a Johnsonian cantankerous nature, great personal charm and the devoted love of friends. Though Mr. Hone never comes near to realising it, Tonks's life could best have been treated as the subject for a cautionary tale. In a passage quoted by Mr. Hone, Tonks remarked that the important decisions of youth were irrevocable—that the young had usually one chance, and that if they missed it they were done for. He himself had two chances, and both his choices may be reckoned unfortunate. As a schoolboy he won the approval of his grim father (always cross) by choosing the medical profession, only to exchange it, after qualifying, for that of a painter. He had not, apparently, the self-confidence and elastic temperament required in a surgeon. He was even more destitute of the gifts which go to make a great painter.

* * *

When Frederick Brown was appointed Professor at the Slade School, University College, London, he invited Tonks to join him as his assistant on the score of his knowledge of anatomy, and of their friendship. In this position Tonks remained until, after the war, he succeeded his friend as professor. His influence was immense, and his savage tongue made him the object of dread and devotion to his students—particularly to the female ones. "They like a little cruelty," he remarked, but there were exceptions. Mr. Hone tells a good story of Constance Gore Booth, later Countess Marcievicz—

> Was she not the niece of Lady Emily Wyndham Quin to whose house he used to go? "but," said he, "she may be a lady but she has the manners of a kitchen maid." He said she came into the class and sat down astride her donkey (drawing stool) and producing a bun from a paper bag, stuffed it into her mouth, looked across the room defiantly at him, and winked.

This was not the way to get the best out of Tonks, and their relations were not improved when she happened to knock him down as she was roller-skating in Cheyne Walk. Tonks's influence at the Slade was immense and he was fortunate in having under him a succession of brilliant students.

* * *

Thanks to his knowledge of anatomy, Tonks was able to resolve the human figure into a series of simplified shapes which he taught his students to employ, and used himself, with great technical brilliance. When however he was faced by the problems of composition in a big picture, he broke down, and the illustrations reveal an astonishing feebleness which he attempted to hide by means of a mass of anecdotal rubbish. He was thus, like many of the minor British painters of his time, pushing the faults of Hoppner, Turner and Lord Leighton to their logical conclusion. Such a judgment will seem harsh and crude to many, for Tonks's work was naturally appreciated by his friends. When he portrayed exceptionally gifted people among them, his work will always be of interest. For example the conversation piece called *Saturday Evening at the Vale*, showing George Moore reading aloud his works to the St. John Hutchinsons, is a document in the history of British culture. Apart from such pictures the value of which lies in his appreciation of characters interesting to us on other grounds, Tonks's chief claim to fame may prove to be his series of drawings illustrating the methods employed during the war on mutilated men by the great facial surgeon Sir Harold Gillies. Tonks's powers of draughtsmanship and early medical training qualified him exactly for this important work. It is not always realised that unless exact and adequate records are kept advances in the practice of surgery are easily forgotten. This is particularly true of operations in war surgery which rarely occur in civil life. Those whose faces are smashed in during the next war may owe a debt of gratitude to Tonks. Both before and after the opportunity of this work came his way, Tonks made numerous efforts to be useful. He went out to a French hospital and joined the Italian Ambulance Unit organised by Trevelyan and Baker, but found it difficult to work in harmony with them. After the war he went out to Archangel and Murmansk as an official artist. One may guess that his medical knowledge had become too out of date for him to feel any confidence in himself as a surgeon. An astonishing statement is reported by Mr. Hone, from a conversation he had himself with Tonks:

> He had himself forsworn foreign travel long ago, for fear of syphilitic infection from the hands that would rummage in his luggage at the custom houses.

It is incredible that a man with any bacteriological knowledge should put this forward seriously, and we must assume that it was a psychological excuse invented to avoid the Continent. Mr. Hone later persuaded Tonks to visit the Irish Free State. He does not tell us whether he had to guarantee that the Irish customs officials were free from contagious disease.

* * *

As a critic Tonks seems to have followed the great tradition of Dr. Johnson: he was violent in expression and insular in taste. It was therefore a misfortune for him to live at a period when a wave of French influence was causing a revolution in painting which can be compared with that in English poetry in the sixteenth century after the introduction of Italian metrical models by Wyatt. Had the art of painting remained in a state of quiescence or decay, Tonks could have maintained a dignified position. But great spirits were abroad. Many readers of Mr. Hone's biography will have visited the centenary exhibition of Cézanne's pictures held a few weeks ago. What can be thought of a man who wrote as late as 1924:

> If you want to know more of the follies of men, go to the Lefèvre Galleries and see the Cézannes. . . . The Van Goghs at the Tate make me sick.

Mr. Hone says:

> There is no doubt he felt and continued to feel hurt because fashion was not content to extol the latest things from France, but lauded them at the expense of his own tradition.

The most original and fertile critic of painting in England, Roger Fry, was testing new ideas of æsthetics every few months by adopting them and rejecting them. He was a fountain of ideas, fertilising the minds of all young artists and inspiring them. But Tonks, who occupied the position of a teacher, was not interested, and remained hostile and unchanging until he became an old fogy complaining of "the art boys." It is odd to hear from a friend of George Moore's that "English people can learn little from Frenchmen." It is odder still to find Tonks writing in 1921:

> Cézanne I have yet to know, because I have seen so little.

He had been inveighing against Cézanne and ridiculing his champions for a decade. Of Tonks's immense personal charm it is impossible for one who did not know him to speak. It is attested by Mrs. St. John Hutchinson's introduction, by the long-standing friendship of dozens of the most sensitive and gifted men and women in England. Yet it is difficult not to feel that Tonks's life was wasted. If he had become a don (of history perhaps) at Cambridge or Oxford he would not only have been beloved, but have been a more useful and happier man.

DAVID GARNETT

# PSYCHO-ANALYSIS AND RELIGION

**Moses and Monotheism.** By SIGMUND FREUD. *Hogarth Press.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

The world-wide reputation of the octogenarian author, the circumstances of his flight from Vienna and domicile in this country, and the nature of his theories combine to give this book an interest and importance that merit more attention than it can here receive. To put it all too briefly, Dr. Freud argues that Moses was an Egyptian and the religion he founded was that of the so-called "heretic" king Akhenaton or Ikhnaton, husband of the perhaps better known Nefertiti. Moses himself was murdered by the Israelites, but his monotheism was revived by the prophets, culminating in the founder of Christianity, who likewise met with a violent end. But both the monotheism and the murders have a profound explanation, and psycho-analysis illuminates not only the mission and fate of these great founders but also the origin of religion itself. Of the speculative character of his book Freud is fully aware; and, recognising that his own race may find the notion of the Egyptian origin of Moses distasteful, says at the outset, "no consideration, however, will move me to set aside truth in favour of supposed national interests." This fine expression of the scientific spirit emboldens the reviewer to aim at an equal candour and to treat entirely on its merits the work of one whom this country is glad to welcome in its midst.

Biblical students will find many things that will surprise them—the uncritical use of the Pentateuch, the supposition that the Israelites brought the art of writing from Egypt, the purely symbolical interpretation of the breaking of the tables of the law and certain philological guesses (e.g. Jahve and Jove); of which we might say, as Freud wisely does in one instance, "a similarity which perhaps means nothing or possibly means very much."

That Israelite religion might owe much to Egypt need cause no surprise; not only are there un-Hebraic or Egyptian names, but Freud overlooks Joseph's marriage into the family of the priesthood of On, a place which, on his own view, is significant for the connection between Ikhnaton's sun-god Aton and Israelite monotheism. Nor has he noticed Psalm civ, long famous because it seems to show an actual knowledge of Ikhnaton's ideas. It has been conjectured that this Egyptian cult spread independently into Palestine; and moreover, so strong was the general influence of Egypt and so striking the Egyptian monuments and cult-objects that had there been no Moses and no Israel in Egypt we might fully expect traces in Israelite religion of Egyptian ideas and even of the idea of Justice and Truth which, as Freud observes, was so prominent in Ikhnaton's life. Freud unfortunately ignores the archaeological material; on the other hand he has found that the Austrian scholar Sellin conjectured (in 1922) on the basis of a few obscure verses in Hosea that Moses, whose end is certainly a mystery, was murdered by his people. This curious guess, which Biblical scholars reject, becomes the centre of his argument, and it is to be regretted that he did not consult other scholars upon what he calls Sellin's "discovery" based upon "unmistakable traces." On the whole, while Biblical students will find much that is novel and thought-provoking in this book, the tares must be diligently separated from the wheat; for example although there is evidence for a certain duality in the history of Israel, there is none whatever for the view that there were two founders of religion each called Moses.

As regards Freud's view of the general history of religion it must be said that monotheising movements are not so very rare: strangely enough he ignores the one that lies behind Isaiah xl-lxvi with the mysterious reference to a martyred "Servant of the Lord" (ch. liii). Such movements are not to be regarded as an absolute step from polytheism or henotheism, but rather as psychological phenomena. Indeed, on Freud's own theory they could spring up anywhere after a period of latency, whereas it is only those movements that became historically important that attract attention. Not only can independent monotheising tendencies be traced in the Ancient East, but there is all the difference in the world between the Israelite ideal and the pantheism or monism of Ikhnaton. Freud rightly emphasises that "special psychical fitness" which made Israel the champion of ethical monotheism, but it is the interplay of psychical and ideological factors that evidently accounts for the fact that "Christianity marked a progress in the history of religion" while the Jewish religion became, "so to speak, a fossil."

The problem of monotheism essentially rests upon questions of personality and an undivided self and the explanation of experiences of all kinds. Hence Freud's famous theory of the origin of religion (*Totem and Taboo*, 1912) seems to many to be mere perversity: human animals roamed around in bands; the sons, jealous of the power exerted by the father, clubbed together and then clubbed the father; they then ate him and felt sorry ever after—and so forth. The unhappy incident thenceforth haunted humanity: *hinc illae lacrimae!* Now the notion that all human toil and suffering are due to an incident about some forbidden fruit nearly 6000 years ago has been increasingly felt to be unreasonable; but while the written Book has given us one explanation, it is another Jewish myth which tells us that "men have always known . . . . that once upon a time they had a primaeval father and killed him" (p. 161). Surely the salient features of human nature are too closely linked up with our animal ancestry for us to suppose that a prehistoric affair stands at the back of the world's religions. And to trace, as Freud does, the beginnings of morality and law to that event is surely to forget that the earlier *patria potestas* was a morality and law of sorts, that among animals there was a law of the pack, and that principles of order—on qualitatively different levels of course—pervade the cosmos.

Freud's theory of "unconscious memory traces" and the like implies a theory not only of acquired qualities but also of innate ideas, and it is difficult to see how he can claim the instinctual life of animals as a helpful analogy, unless perchance certain primordial mandrills, spiders, penguins, etc., are supposed to have set the ball rolling. After all, if his psycho-analytical theory of God and Religion were right, and if what we conceive to be "God" were really a primaeval figure magnified by time, there's nothing more to be done, save perhaps to adopt the policy of that eminent American philosopher, Mr. Joshua Billings, and, with the words "just so, just so," pass on. But religion's account of itself—the religious "theory"—is as inexhaustible as man's personality, covering not man primitive and modern, but the whole cosmos. "Theory," some may retort, confronts "theory," and according to their predisposition they will estimate Freud's scattered remarks on wishful thinking, on the selection of data that serve one's purpose, on the intuitive ideas that become obsessive, on the "omnipotence of thoughts" and on the fact that one's creative work, as it grows, does not always follow one's good will, so that a man becomes a victim of his *façon de penser* (p. 165, etc.).

Man has but recently emerged from nature, and nature's rule and nature's ruthlessness are still manifested among men. The old Israelite religion had much to say touching true and false prophets, and if the latter found too easy a solution of life's problems they did at least sting the former into activity. Like Freud we must not set aside what we deem to be "truth" in favour of any supposed interests, and his own rather gigantesque theory must be confronted by one holding a wider field and on a higher plane. If the present review has been concerned with adverse criticisms the writer fully appreciates how much can be gained from even a theory which one finds impossible. He gladly expresses his appreciation of Dr. Sigmund Freud's penetrating studies of the human psyche, and would quote, in conclusion, the competent judgment of Dr. Thouless (1922) that on the whole Freud's work "is very easily the most important contribution to the science of psychology that has ever been made by one man."

STANLEY COOK

# THE GREAT POEM

**Duino Elegies.** By RAINER MARIA RILKE. Translated by J. B. LEISHMAN and STEPHEN SPENDER. *Hogarth Press.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

With the *Duineser Elegien* we enter the inmost sanctuary of Rilke's temple. The difficulties of translation become almost insuperable, and Messrs. Leishman and Spender, probably rightly, have preferred accuracy to beauty; in this sense, their version is a considerable advance on that published in 1931. Profiting by the letters of the poet, and by several books written about him by German writers since that date, Mr. Leishman has been able to add an *apparatus criticus* that leaves little to be desired from the point of view of interpretation. There no longer remains any excuse for "not understanding" this most important poem.

The Elegies were written between 1912 and 1922, at Schloss Duino, in Paris, in Spain, and finally at the Château de Muzot, near Sierre. They represent the end-result of Rilke's thought and feeling, and when they were completed there remained little for him to do but die; which he accordingly soon did. He had been one of the poets who allowed the war to oppress their spirits from

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without, instead of coming to grips with it by some personal participation. No doubt Rilke had no choice in the matter; but the situation gave emphasis to his tragic view of life: it removed him still further. The Elegies, the *Sonnets to Orpheus* and the *Last Poems*, show him to have been among the few who are ever justified in placing themselves *au dessus de la mêlée*. "The world has fallen into the hands of men," was his embittered comment on the war; but "I have no window on human beings, definitely," he had written, three years earlier. By that time Rilke had, it seems, schooled himself to do without the ultimate human contacts. One divines a life-time of sensitive affection and yearning thwarted at last by the obduracy of human selfishness and misunderstanding. This agony is the "figure in the carpet" of the Elegies; what they are actually *about* is the poet's attempt to build up the world again, inside himself, perfectly because invisibly.

This problem is that of all the greatest artists in their final period of creation; it is the inevitable successor-phase to any kind of romanticism, and can be studied, for example, in the last works of Shakespeare and Beethoven, of Debussy and Henry James. It is, in the last analysis, the effort to solve the problem of the Pathetic Fallacy—of the, to the poet, evident life of inanimate objects. To Rilke some thing—a jug, a pillar—could be *felt* as a joy, or a pain; equally, that joy or pain could exist within him, hypostatised as an image—jug or pillar:

> Like dew from the morning grass
> exhales from us that which is ours, like heat
> from a smoking dish. O smile, whither? O upturned glance:
> new, warm, vanishing wave of the heart—alas,
> but we *are* all that. Does the cosmic space
> we dissolve into taste of us, then?

For Rilke, the Angel is the symbol of a kind of existence in which the two rhythms of life—that of the human being and that of the thing—are united in a single harmony. For a man to attempt this precarious fusion—this parthenogenesis—is no easy job; to change the metaphor, it took Rilke the whole of his life to find a way across that guarded frontier, and the Elegies are the considered news of what he found on the other side. The last *Fragments* are the travel-diary of that journey; from both one gathers that the manner required to deal with the inhabitants was chiefly a question of propriety of force. The light, disinterested touch on each person and thing; the hand that clasps but does not snatch or squeeze; the eyes that regard, with neither menace nor appeal: these, says Rilke, are the tools of true understanding:

> On Attic steles, did not the circumspection
> of human gesture amaze you? Were not love and farewell
> so lightly laid upon shoulders, they seemed to be made
> of other stuff than with us? Remember the hands,
> how they rest without pressure, though power there is in the torsos.
> The wisdom of those self-masters was this: we have got so far;
> ours is to touch one another like this; the gods
> may press more strongly upon us. But that is the gods' affair.

And the wonderful Ninth Elegy—the only case in which I still prefer my own translation to the present one—resumes the entire argument.

It was a good idea to reproduce Picasso's *Les Saltimbanques* as a frontispiece to the volume; this picture not only directly illustrates the most elliptic part of the poem (the Fifth Elegy), but seems, in the classical pathos of its figures and grouping, to point the whole of Rilke's difficult meaning, as a page of music—of Debussy's *Rondes de Printemps*, say—might also do. But in his notes on this particular elegy Mr. Leishman has, I believe, missed one important connection: though he nowhere mentions it explicitly, the poet was here obviously drawing on memories of the *Stemmen*, or weight-lifting, clubs which have for so long been a feature of Viennese life and of which Rilke must, at some time or other, have witnessed a performance. In one passage, he is even using the vocabulary of the sport:

> wo die Gewichte noch schwer sind;
> wo noch von ihren vergeblich
> wirbelnden Stäben die Teller
> torkeln . . .

though here the actual image is, of course, not pertinent to the *Stemmen*.

Elsewhere I have one or two small grumbles. At the beginning of the Fourth Elegy, the haunting phrase "teilnamslosen Teich" is not happily rendered by the bathos of "unfeeling ponds." In the same passage, the word "Bürger" is surely better translated "householder," in that context; "bourgeois" has unfortunate associations. In the Sixth Elegy, "Aufenthalte der Liebe" seems to me inadequately rendered by "halts of love," a phrase which ignores the romantic, Schubert-cum-Heine overtones of the word *Aufenthalt*, which contains the idea of an inn.

Finally, I remain unconvinced that English hexameters are preferable to blank verse, in translating Rilke. The result, in the present case, sacrifices sound to sense. This is probably a good thing for those who have enough German to read the original, using the translation to verify the exact meaning of a particular line. But will those who can read only the translation appreciate more than a few strikingly harmonious passages, here and there—passages that serve to emphasise the grammatical awkwardness of much of the rest? In spite of my admiration for the translators' courage and adroitness, I cannot help doubting it.

EDWARD SACKVILLE WEST

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he knows about outside—where virtue is rewarded with an uncertain weekly wage, and the cinema has shown him how much attention the rich pay to the ideals they now set before him?

Public schoolboys, although they may not actively believe in the *ethos*, jog along on it *faute de mieux*; the kind of boy who gets to Borstal is far too shrewd to be taken in, although he may choose to adopt it for the duration as a matter of expediency. Since that is the sort of thing the authorities want, the sensible boys do their best to supply it. They bring to bear on the problem of "getting on" all the resources that are available, toughness, racketeering, hypocrisy, and simple charm. The most important art to acquire is the art of making a good impression on the housemasters; the quicker you do it, the quicker you get out.

Mr. Louis Edward's account brings this out clearly; and so far, at least, it can be trusted. How much further is a matter of personal judgment; for he is in the position of a public school rebel who writes a damning first novel about it when he leaves. The style of the book, for instance, might make one suspicious; it is written in the neo-literary, tough dialogue and short sentences interspersed with very overwritten sentiment, and the bitterness seems often recognisable as that of the snubbed intellectual. This makes it difficult to estimate how far his account is typical of Borstal—it is clearly not—or how far the particular Borstal he is describing is a typical one. He certainly implies that there are better houses than his, a thing which depends on the personality of the housemaster.

When he is at his simplest in dialogue and in character sketching he is most convincing, and his estimate of motive is always shrewd. The housemaster is very well done, with his mixture of good intentions, prevarication, incompetence and gullibility; and his behaviour after the escape from camp typifies the defects of the whole system. The privileged boys ("blues") have a week in camp every year: away from the authoritarian discipline, the punishments, the prefect's shouted orders, the bells, everyone was healthier and happier (and incidentally worked much harder). Then three boys "abuse their freedom"—and run away. The housemaster is so closely identified with the house that he takes it as a personal injury—he has been let down. Not only he, but the whole house, the whole institution, the whole system, England, God. The collective responsibility mounts in a rising wave, and everyone is made to suffer:

> He (the housemaster) stamped about the house, puffing smoke from his cigarette, staring wildly through his glasses, like a bull that has been baited, tested, hurt. He didn't know on whom he could rely; only that he didn't want anyone to get near enough to hurt him as those two had run away from camp. . . . He has trusted them both. He'd publicly thought well of them. The humiliation of confessing himself wrong to the Governor, the Home Office, himself, was bitter to him. . . .

Retribution falls on everyone, guilty and innocent, until the incident is forgotten. How well anyone who has been at a public school will recognise that, and how disastrous as treatment it must be.

If this book had been sternly cut it would have been much better, for Mr. Edward seems to be a born, if at present rather exuberant, writer. As it is, I'm afraid that those who want to do so will use its defects of style to discount its content.

T. C. WORSLEY

## THOSE STANLEYS

**The Stanleys of Alderley.** Edited by NANCY MITFORD. *Chapman and Hall.* 18*s.*

We look at Victorian England inevitably through the eyes of its middle-class novelists, Thackeray, Dickens, George Eliot, Trollope, Kingsley and even Charlotte Yonge: the middle classes therefore loom largest, evangelical and energetic in their dark broadcloth and bombazine, while a brutal proletariat sweats, starves and boozes in the murky background. Of the aristocracy we are much less aware, though there are wicked marquesses and baronets, and, of course, the Omnium clan. A study of Victorian grandees, based on memoirs and letters, would prove a very interesting and surprising book, for while infected by the puritanism of the rising *bourgeoisie*, they retained much of the eccentricity, the *je m'en fichisme*, of their Georgian forbears. The Stanleys of Alderley are a beautiful example: from the *Amberley Papers*, edited by Bertrand and Patricia Russell, from Miss Nancy Mitford's *Ladies of Alderley* and from her new book *The Stanleys of Alderley*, we derive the most vivid and surprising sidelights upon social history. The Stanley blood—or more probably the blood of the Holroyds and Dillons whom the Stanleys married—has been conspicuous now during four generations for strength of mind, outspokenness and an individualism often amounting to peculiarity. Stanleys embrace Catholicism, Rationalism, Mohammedanism, Judaism, Communism, Fascism, and even Liberalism with alacrity and passion. They regard their misguided relations with a hatred qualified by curiosity and pride; and their contempt is reserved for such members of the family as relapse into blameless and unprospering respectability. A Stanley will go to prison for bigamy or for a conscience, he might become a gangster or a saint, but only some modern degeneration of blood could make him a crony of Mr. Chamberlain's.

The new Stanley papers bring us more of Maria Josepha, who as a girl was a favourite with Gibbon, and who survived to gush over the death of the Prince Consort and to call Carlyle "a daring, mocking infidel, not fit for a young woman's society"; of her son "Ben," a Cabinet Minister under Palmerston, notorious for his acid tongue; and of his jealous and devoted wife, Henrietta Maria, a founder of Girton who saw to it that none of her daughters received a decent education. The letters cover the years 1851 to 1865, and show the new generation growing up; Henry chucks his diplomatic job, and travels about the East in Turkish dress; the gay and cocky Johnny fights in the Crimea, a boy of sixteen, then is A.D.C. to Lord Canning in India; Lyulph wins the Balliol grind, takes a First, and becomes a Radical; Alice (rather dim) marries a Fox Pitt Rivers and has nine children; Blanche, after a prolonged courtship that exasperates her parents, manages, rather unenthusiastically, to hook the deaf Lord Airlie.

> She, like her mother, became in old age a tartar to her relations. The writer, at the age of four, was taken to see her. "How is the child progressing in French?" My mother was obliged to confess that I had not begun to study the language. In an awful voice: "There is nothing so inferior as a gentlewoman who has no French."

Then there is Maude, who never married and became a philanthropist, and whose correspondence we hope to see published; and Rosalind, the tyrannically teetotal Countess of Carlisle. ("She seems to have gone to various extremes of opinion and behaviour as intelligent but uneducated women so often do when their husbands fail to control them.") We catch few glimpses

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of charming Kate Amberley, but Algernon, the future Bishop of Emmaus, is a frequent subject of family head-shaking. The beatings at Harrow do him no good, so he is sent to Rugby. "Perhaps you will think Rugby is not gentlemanlike," Lady Stanley writes to her mother-in-law, "it is not polished, but anything is better for Algernon that will change the sauntering, idle, lazy tone of his mind and manner." Maria Josepha, who spoils her grandchildren, agrees, for she has been reading Thomas Hughes's masterpiece: "May the dear affectionate *sensitive* boy find such a friend among the upper boys as the author of Tom Brown did." In the background the other relations: the Adeanes are poor, plain and always dying; Mary Stanley follows Miss Nightingale to the Crimea, and becomes a Papist; her brother Arthur travels in Palestine, trying to improve the Prince of Wales: "I cannot help many doubts whether he *can* do *much* good in the main object. There is not the material to work on."

Altogether the book is enchanting if you have a taste for Victorian detail. Old Lady Stanley remarks during the Crimean War "How much more comfortable it was, *last* war, when events were more slowly communicated—the *Electric* telegraph is, I think, a great nuisance." An odious woman, she was a lively correspondent. Compulsory education is un-English, Arthur Stanley has no consideration for her feelings, and those Adeanes are thinking of a house in Belgravia.

> I must express my *unmitigated horror!* at the idea of Pimlico or Eccleston Square—the great distance from all relations and friends—why has not Tyburnia been thought of, nothing could be worse for Alethea than Belgravia—and such places to walk in—your idea of pinching in rent is an excellent one, but if it involves the necessity of such an outlying spot the girls would be better in the country at once than in the *penitentiary*, as I shall always call Belgravia.

Lord Stanley complains of the "magnificent ideas" people are getting, but "to be sure our house is not fit to receive anyone," and his wife answers:

> Our house is certainly very bad, but I flatter myself the bedrooms are very comfortable, and I intend to go, on Wednesday, to Manchester to get a few things the increasing luxury of the age renders necessary, such as two hip baths for ladies' rooms, and two or three tables de nuit of which we are deficient.

There are a number of scandals. Lord Anglesea has sent away his wife for being repeatedly drunk and shying plates at his head, a pretty end to a year's marriage with a disreputable fie-fie. The Duchess of Montrose tries to marry her daughter to Mr. Davenport in the hope that he will soon die of drink. And then—"Did I tell you there was a bad smell at Tatton—fancy my nerves when I found it was Lord Ellesmere. Lady Egerton was so alarmed that she thought she was getting diphtheria till she also found out where the smell came from."

Liveliest of all are Johnny's letters. Off he sails, aged 16, to the Crimean War. "I have been towing a bottle of champagne overboard to cool it for dinner for the last half-hour, I must go and see if it is all right. Please send me those draws I mentioned before, there are 3 clean pairs in the cupboard." Then come gleeful descriptions of the horrors of the battlefield:

> We got into what the *Illustrated L. News* calls the Valley of Death. The road is good it is covered with great big shot and along it there were some dead bodies wh. had been covered with lime to prevent the smell but it at the same time quite preserves the features only looking very white. The coat is opened in order to put the lime over the body, the stomach generally sinks in very soon and as they cross the hands over it had a very peculiar appearance of a man lying down with his hands inside his body.

His letters from India are equally vivid. In the Rajah's palace at Mysore "there were portraits of all the English people he has to do with, the Queen, Prince Albert, Gen. Anson, Lord Harris they looked very odd indeed mixed up with the horried flesh-coloured fat Gods all legs and arms and stomach." Johnny was a bloodthirsty little wretch—"my beau idée is to shoot niggers in action" and short of "niggers" he had to be content with practising pigsticking on tame pigs, and dogs.

The book ends with an interesting table of the descendants of the 2nd Lord Stanley; it contains 264 names, including Mitfords, Russells, Churchills, Lubbocks, Montagues, Murrays, Toynbees, Romillys, Guinnesses and Edens. (Algernon, the youngest son, has been mysteriously overlooked.) And this book resuscitating the past is given a topical turn by the editor's preface. Miss Nancy Mitford is as witty and downright as any of her relations, and pokes delicious fun at pro-German peers and modern statesmen. "The English are like a fine and nervous horse, which, ridden with good heart can surmount any obstacle, but which, when out of sympathy with the timid rider, will shy at the shadow of an ice cream cart or the distant growling of a dachshund." "The only nineteenth-century figure to make play with his umbrella, Louis Philippe, was caught up by a great gale of wind, like flying Robert, and wafted across the Channel." And, in fine Palmerstonian style:

> "Charity begins at home" and "it is none of our business" are not phrases which should ever be heard upon the lips of an Englishman. Our charity must be universal, our business world-wide, for only thus can we maintain our own essential greatness. The proudest title we can acquire is that of "a nation of governesses."

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**Ulster and the British Empire, 1939. Help or Hindrance?**
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Among Mr. Chamberlain's efforts at appeasement one stands to his lasting credit. He did end the tariff war with Eire; he settled with large generosity the dispute over land annuities; nor did he shrink from removing the thorn of our naval establishments on Ireland's coasts. But even this achievement was incomplete. Not by one public word, not even by the expression of a wish, would he bring nearer the reunion of the two sundered portions of Ireland. The delay in facing this problem may be perilous. We had our reminder the other day of its ugly possibilities, while it was still in doubt whether conscription would apply to Northern Ireland. Extremists seek by terrorism to rouse our attention and succeed only in immolating themselves, while they drive Mr. De Valera to measures of coercion that threaten civil liberty in Eire. If war should overtake us, we should enter it with this island at our doors still unreconciled.

These are the moral effects of partition. In this sober book Mr. Harrison, a veteran Irish Nationalist whose distinguished record of service in the Great War should win him a friendly hearing from English readers, subjects the whole arrangement to a close analysis. How in fact has it worked?

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more especially in Tyrone and Fermanagh, a big alien fringe, which retains undiminished its sense of wrong. By the manipulation of constituencies this substantial minority has been robbed of its due representation. It lives under a repressive legislation which is no temporary measure designed to cope with a passing emergency, but a permanent feature of Ulster life. It has swept away the safeguard of *Habeas Corpus*, abolished most of the constitutional checks on the arbitrary action of the Executive, and exposed the Catholic masses to a daily round of intimidation by a police force responsible only to their political opponents. Behind the Government, that has on British soil whittled away the foundations of civil liberty, stands with its military protection the Imperial Power, indifferent, uncritical, yet ultimately responsible. Parliament cannot, or in any event does not, afford any redress, even by publicity, to this unhappy minority at our doors.

To this arrangement of partition Mr. Harrison goes on to apply the economic test. How has this frontier, drawn with its customs-houses across this little island, affected the prosperity of the North? The figures of unemployment are revealing. Ulster is by this test a hopelessly distressed area. The percentage of unemployed among insured persons never fell, even in the boom year 1929, below 14.8. It rose in 1930 to 23.8 and in 1938 it stood at 28.3, which one must contrast with the British mean percentage in that year of 12.8. That this is the price of separation admits of no doubt, since before it Belfast had the lowest rate of unemployment in the three kingdoms.

The financial consequences of this distress have inverted the relationship between Ulster and the British Treasury as originally contemplated. It was estimated, when partition was carried out, that Ulster should have contributed her £8,000,000 annually as her payment for imperial services. In fact her net contribution was in the first year (1922-3) some £2,691,400. In three subsequent years only did it exceed £1,000,000. In seven years it has been a minus quantity. From 1935 to 1939 the British Treasury has in fact paid a net subsidy to Ulster of varying amounts. The tributary has become a pensioner. Instead of contributing some figure round about £8,000,000, Ulster now receives a net dole of anything up to £500,000. The figures, as Mr. Chamberlain and Sir John Simon have given them to the House, seem to mean that with this massive unemployment the taxable capacity of Ulster has dwindled year by year.

The conclusion of this close survey is clear enough. Partition can be maintained in Ulster itself only on the basis of perennial coercion, and only at the cost of Irish good will. It is maintained only by the military protection of Great Britain, and only by the singular benevolence of the British Treasury. It works to the manifest economic injury of Ulster herself and it weakens our own position for defence. Why, then, does Tory statesmanship refuse, even by a word of advice, to further Mr. De Valera's efforts towards reunion on a federal basis? It is regrettable that Mr. Harrison does not give us this scheme in any detail. It proposed to leave Ulster full internal autonomy, while providing that defence, tariffs and communications should become the federal concerns of a united Ireland.

Mr. Harrison offers some guesses to explain this singular attitude of toleration towards an arrangement that works so ill. Is the Tory Party bound by some secret undertaking? Is there, he asks, some idea, in the event of war, of reconquering all Ireland? But there is no evidence to back either guess, and the latter, at least, may be dismissed from our thoughts. The solidarity of a governing class and the reinforcement which the Tory Party draws from the Ulster contingent at Westminster suffice to explain, but not to justify, its attitude. Mr. Harrison, in this temperate and well-documented book, has established his case for a reconsideration of partition. By reason of its military and financial aid the British Government has a moral responsibility for what happens in Ulster. It cannot bring about unity by coercion, but it has both the means and the right to exert an influence for conciliation.

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The piping times of detection perhaps synchronised with those of peace. At any rate that most conservative body, the detective orchestra, is beginning to practise some new tunes for the present emergency. Mrs. Christie has even parted with her Poirot without a word of farewell; in *Murder is Easy* a total stranger steps into the detective shoes. A certain Luke Fitzwilliam, retired police officer from one of our Eastern dependencies, is engaged in conversation in a railway carriage by a nice old lady. The old lady is on her way up to London to report a succession of murders to Scotland Yard. "Rather hard to do a lot of murders and get away with it," says Luke. "No, no, my dear boy, that's where you're wrong. It's very easy to kill—so long as no one suspects you. And you see, the person in question is just the last person anyone *would* suspect!" confides the old lady—and twenty minutes later she is knocked down and killed by a car on her way to Whitehall. When Luke arrives at Wychwood-under-Ashe to elucidate the old lady's last words, we realise why old Poirot has not been selected for the task. The task is to be complicated by a love interest, a disease to which the little grey cells have always been immune. There are seven murders in *Murder is Easy*; and, if those were all we had to go on, solution might prove extremely difficult, as it was for Luke. But Mrs. Christie's long record is now her worst enemy; she must have more than seventy easy murders to her credit, and "the" person in question has *always* been the last person one would suspect. There was a most valuable detective manual published some years ago under the title *A Guide to the Classics*, by the use of which one can detect the Derby winner year after year on *a priori* reasoning.

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The *Guide to Mrs. Christie* will indicate the " person in question " in *Murder is Easy* with equal assurance. The year in which Poirot wins the Christie Derby at enormous odds is still to come, but I hope he is still in training for that event.

Mrs. Christie's classical performances always make other competitors in the same field look like selling-platers. Messrs. Punshon and Rhode never lack stamina to cover their course, whatever the going may be. The going in both *Suspects—Nine* and *Death Pays a Dividend* is sticky, and one's attention is liable to wander while Bobby Owen and Inspector Waghorn flounder along to the finish. In *Suspects—Nine* a company director's butler gets shot, and in *Death Pays a Dividend* a company director's secretary gets thrown downstairs; there is a whiff of the City in the detective air, and for some of these modern crimes readers must brush up their arithmetic. Mr. Rhode's crime is the more plausible of the two, but he loses marks over his criminal—far too obvious. Mr. Punshon's criminal lies very doggo, but only because the crime and the motive are so arbitrary. Clever criminals should at least murder the right person while they are about it. As for the detectives, there is a conscientious stodginess about Waghorn and Owen that makes them almost indistinguishable. Leaving the old brigade to plod, Miss Josephine Bell scampers helter-skelter round a boys' preparatory school; one of those schools where it's always summer term, and the boys have the team spirit, and so have the Old Boys, and the masters are either eccentric or in love, and a murder takes place just because the author has read somewhere that all plots about schools are bound to be good. If one wants to assassinate a Shakespearian actor the one unlikely place for the deed would be a prep. school. Yet Miss Bell kills off Sir Toby Belch in the school museum; she certainly has a powerful imagination and gives it scope. *Death at Half-Term* is full of nice people with nice habits, but has got no detection at all to speak of. Someone ought to give Miss Bell a plot for a birthday present—she would do wonders with it.

*Cast-Iron Alibi* opens with: " If I hadn't had a cast-iron alibi, I should have swung for the murder of Herbert Lauristone." (Incidentally, another Shakespearian actor meeting his deserts.) But on the half-title the reader is asked the intolerable question: " Is it possible to find a flaw in this amazing alibi? " Of course it is possible, only too possible once one's attention is directed towards the problem in this *gauche* manner. It is vastly to Mr. Betteridge's credit that his plot is most admirably presented in spite of this handicap. If the show had not been given away, one might easily not have tumbled to the method by which Lauristone was apparently murdered, while his murderer was chatting away to a friend at the other end of the passage. Mr. Betteridge writes a very smooth, confident narrative, in full control of all the detective author's tools, barring his publisher.

Now we reach the detective stories " with a difference." Mr. Kitchin has always been different from the rest, not so much in his plots as in his prose: he includes crime in his experience of life in the sedate, worldly fashion of a well-fed cat approaching an unexpected saucer. *Death of His Uncle* gives a genuine demonstration of the sleek approach in detection, whereas Mr. Reggie Fortune can only provide its bogus counterpart. The plot is unimportant; it is the author's diffident quest for unsavoury knowledge which enthralls the reader, and might be guaranteed to convert even such hardened enemies of the detective novel as Mr. David Garnett.

Miss Holding's first effort at detection, *The Strange Crime in Bermuda*, was strange enough in all conscience, but one can condone some queer behaviour on an exotic island. In *No Harm Intended* the queer behaviour is transferred to the mainland of America, where it jars more conspicuously with the landscape. Not a single character behaves like a human being under any circumstances, yet nothing could be more sprightly than Miss Holding's writing. It is a short book, written in one breath, utter nonsense from start to finish, but highly readable. We don't ask for credibility in detection. That would be too much; but plausibility of some sort there must be. Yet it is astonishing how many authors fancy they can discard it once they start writing " with a difference." Mr. Richard Hull's deviation from common sense lies in his plot. The characters in *And Death Came Too* are exaggerated but amusing, yet not one of them would be idiotic enough to murder a retired schoolmaster during the County Ball for the reason Mr. Hull alleges.

Miss Boutell's difference is her dramatic idea of letting the cat out of the bag an inch at a time, starting with the tail. *Death Has a Past* is the story of a crime provoked by an intolerable psychological strain. Six women, all related to one another, are cooped up in the old family home to keep an annual family custom of female segregation—Emily's week. One of them has inherited all the family money, but the rest are all attending " Emily's week " with financial hopes. The reader does not discover the nature of the crime until the very end, but Miss Boutell punctuates this account of family hatreds and feminine intrigue with a confession by the criminal. The idea is original and quite successful up to a point. The failure is in the psychology, which is too crude to be convincing, and too tainted with sympathy to be baffling. The surprise, therefore, at the *dénouement* is only partial and not nearly as dramatic as the authoress would have one expect.

*The Devil in Greenlands* is described by the publisher as " a comic novel, a sentimental tale and a rather naughty satire," all in one: and Mr. Chance regards it as his best work. I disagree with the publisher and the author on every point, being unable to recognise any quality in the book but outrageous silliness. If an unmarried girl were to give birth to sextuplets in a Somerset barn would it be funny, sentimental or naughty?

I have reserved *The Big Sleep* and *The Frightened Women* to the last, as my judgment on the merits of American tough thrillers is by now hopelessly impaired by addiction. The only question you can ask a dope fiend about the composition of his dope is whether it gives him an authentic kick. As there are adulterated products in circulation I can guarantee these two are full strength blends of sadism, eroticism and alcoholism. If you like to pretend you read the stuff for any reason but sordid mental intoxication, these ingredients are crystallised round a central thread of detection. But if you take your medicine straight, you'll never notice it.

RALPH PARTRIDGE

## SEEN FROM PRAGUE

**Lost Liberty?** By JOAN and JONATHAN GRIFFIN. *Chatto and Windus.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

The peculiar merit of Mr. and Mrs. Griffin's book is its reproduction of a number of documents that are new to the British public. They come from the Czech archives; some have been published in France, and the account by Mr. Mastry of the final interview at Munich when Hitler and Mussolini had left and M. Daladier and Mr. Chamberlain passed on the Führer's *Diktat* to the Czech delegates, has not before been published in England except in summary form in this journal. The significance of this account is enhanced by the publication of Mr. Chamberlain's letter to the Czech Government on the eve of Munich. Why was not this document included in the British White Paper? It contains a clear threat to the Czechs that they must do what they are told, promises that Mr. Chamberlain will have their interests fully in mind when he meets the Führer, but asks for " wide discretion " for the British Prime Minister in order that he may save peace and arrange a settlement satisfactory to the Czechs. No such discretion was actually given him by the Czechs, who were not in fact allowed even to discuss the terms of the new frontiers, which Mr. Chamberlain may have meant to make real but which were non-existent from the moment of Hitler's entry into the Sudeten area. Another fascinating document is General Syrovy's appeal to the Czech people to give up their territory quietly on the assurance that Czechoslovakia would be strong and independent after the concession. The General may have believed it. These and many other documents would make *Lost Liberty* a book of great importance even if it had not other very considerable merits.

Mr. and Mrs. Griffin have stayed much in Czechoslovakia, were there in the summer of 1938 and lived continuously in Prague from September until the end of the year. They know the country as comparatively few visitors ever do know a foreign country. They had many friends among Czechs of many types, were intimate with members of the Czech Government, with many of the Sudeten-Germans and with leading members of the Czech General Staff. They provide valuable information about the Czech army (though they are perhaps too lyrical about it) and they provide important evidence about Czech-Russian relations and about Russia's willingness to help. Though the most important section of their book deals with the Czech side of the negotiations in September, their first-hand account of what the German occupation was like and of the state of mind of the Czechs for the three months after the occupation is a vivid and valuable piece of reporting. During the crisis they broadcast regularly in

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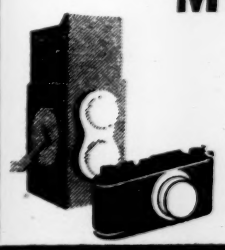
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English from Prague. They only reproduce one of their broadcasts; it is an admirable and restrained statement to the Czechs on the night of Munich.

English people would naturally like to forget Czechoslovakia and this book may help to remind them of the truth. That is our compensation for the late appearance of documents which are essential if the story is to be fully understood. The limitations of the book are, of course, that it is written almost exclusively from the Czech point of view; though the Griffins do refer to the general European problem presented by the German threat to Czechoslovakia, the student will feel that they have not adequately appreciated all the difficulties and motives involved. But that does not matter. We have had plenty of discussion of the general problem and records of the diplomacy of Britain, France and other countries; we have lacked full evidence from Prague. On one point I am by no means sure that the Griffins are right. It is true that a large proportion of Sudeten Germans did not wish to enter the Reich and true of course that the Nazi party was subsidised and directed from Berlin. But the Nazi virus is powerful, and I think the Griffins do not adequately deal with the question whether after May, 1938, with a strong Nationalist Germany on the frontiers, there was ever any good chance of Czechs and Germans living together in the same democratic State. But the great controversial question on which the issue turns is whether a strong stand by France, England and Russia would have meant war or would have forced Hitler to retreat and led to the modification of his policy and perhaps to his downfall. The evidence from Germany is, of course, mainly gossip though some of the accounts of Hitler's dilemma, and the opposition among his followers when things looked like war seems well founded. Personally I believe that the Griffins are right in thinking that Hitler could not have risked war. In any case the Griffins have no doubt that war should have been risked. Their thesis is that liberty is worth fighting for and that we had last summer probably the last great chance of saving it in Europe without a catastrophic and devastating struggle.

TOM PAINE

## TWO LIVES

**When I Was a Boy.** By GENERAL SIR IAN HAMILTON. *Faber.* 18*s.*

**A Single Flame.** By MARTIN BOYD. *Dent.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

It would be difficult to find two books more charming and less alike. The one belongs to the old, the other to the new school. *When I Was a Boy*—the title lets us in on a pre-war world: holidays in the Highlands, Wellington, trips to Paris, and then the war years which conventionally "darken" a wad of chapters in all such reminiscences. It might very well have another *When I Was a Bore*. But Sir Ian keeps an irrational freshness. Not only that incidents from his childhood peep up like daisies, and that he has an eye for the fresh anecdote, but—rare thing—he possesses the perfect style in which to write of oneself. He is hardly at all self-conscious and very much aware of what is going on round him. Even as an infant crawling under the furniture he seems to have known what he was about. We find the family *endimanche*:

> The ladies also extra untouchable in bonnets instead of pork-pie hats. Granma's cashmere hat a caution to children. The dress was always black silk, and instead of lovely precious stones, only black jet ornaments bought—I know, for I had been there—from a travelling pedlar at the front door. As to Grampa, instead of being stiffer and darker than usual, he was somehow lighter and more lovely, his shepherd check, black and white trousers, being new, were less faded and therefore brighter; his Sunday waistcoat was yellow instead of buff; and his face was lit up by what I imagined to be the intensity of his religious fervour, and so it was, I dare say, though nowadays I would describe it as a determination to buy forward a good block of shares in Kingdom Come.

He himself, he decided, retaining his week-day kilt, was the only one still *himself* in that gathering. And self-prepossession reached heights indeed when, attending a *viva* in London, he took two French tarts to lunch in Piccadilly in order to polish up his French. Everything in Sir Ian's pages shows a masterly assurance, and one can understand after reading them why he is the most humane and charming of our generals. The volume ends in Ireland, with the battle of August 9th, 1873, in Militia Square. No doubt others, increasingly military, will follow. They can hardly possess the liveliness and fresh charm of his descriptions of childhood, but one looks forward to them. A publisher's season in which a general, an explorer and a society hostess each wrote an enchanting book of memoirs would be a season indeed: it has never been yet. Sir Ian gives a possible lead. The family illustrations, by the way, to his book are a delight in themselves, and for once justify the high price one pays for memoirs.

A life like Sir Ian's is essentially the product of leisurely wealth and culture. Mr. Boyd came also from a family very comfortably off; his father was a painter living in Australia. The puritan atmosphere of this household had its effect on Mr. Boyd, who when he grew up proclaimed that he was going to become a clergyman. The war smashed that, and after a brief stay in a monastery Mr. Boyd took to novel-writing, which he has kept at since. He is an earnest, inquiring, Left-minded man: his humanity strikes one as being of a very different sort from the genial Sir Ian's. His book ends with the crisis and problems of religion and pacifism; these, again, belong to a later date than anything we are likely to encounter in *When I Was a Boy* or its successors. Mr. Boyd writes very well in an unaffected way. He emerged into another world from the easy compound in which he had been brought up:

> I also had the idea that although the Wilton sort of life, typified by champagne, barouches, and impromptu fancy dress, might not be everybody's, the means of life were automatically provided. Now and then during my schooldays some relative would die and another thousand or two would fall into the family exchequer. This seemed to me a natural process. I think the real economic division of society is between those to whom a death in the family is a source of profit, and those to whom it means the loss of the breadwinner.

I have rarely enjoyed, in the same week, two such excellent books of memoirs. They revive one's interest in the memory-spinning animal.

G. W. STONIER

**A History of Socialism.** By SALLY GRAVES. *Hogarth Press.* 5*s.*

As the publishers point out, a history of Socialism is needed. There are histories of the working class and the Labour movement to spare, but there have been no histories of Socialism as such of any value since Mr. Beer's excellent history of British Socialism twenty years ago. Even that book suffers from the author's inability to make up his mind: the major portion is indeed the history of the "ism," but long, connected, and excellent pieces of history of events are inserted, some of which, especially the story of Chartism, have hardly anything to do with Socialism.

Miss Graves has made the same error. She gives an account of the theories of early French Socialists, of Marx, and touches on "Revisionism." But apart from that her book consists of episodes of working-class history, disconnected and not very clearly told. Names of leaders occur without explanation of their importance and position, and the style is dull, with metaphors that are either outworn or unfortunate. To describe the neo-Hegelian attitude as "excited but platonic" is to invite the unwanted horse-laugh.

Such a book might be of value, however, if it were accurate, but it is impossible to review this one without commenting severely upon the carelessness which marks it throughout. The Paris Commune is said to have "lasted ten days" (it lasted from Mid-March to June 2nd); 1906 instead of 1911 is "the great strike year"; John Fielden the employer becomes "a trade union leader"; the Cato Street Conspiracy, which is the most sinister instance of spy activities in the 1820's, is referred to as "the one case which can be proved." It is clear Miss Graves has never looked at the papers in the Record Office. Even in so simple a case as the composition of the French Republican government of 1848 Miss Graves cannot copy down correctly. She gives it as "Lamartine, Louis Blanc, Ledru Rollin, Flocon, and Albert," omitting Dupont (the head of the Government), Garnier Pagès the strong reactionary, Crémieux the Jew, Arago the great astronomer, and Marie the head of the "national workshops."

In certain respects the book is out of date: it is very odd to include a biography of the almost forgotten Mexican leader "Leon" (she means Luis) Morones, and none of Cardenas. It is more than odd to print a history of the Spanish war which stops short in midsummer, 1937.

Instances like these could be multiplied, but it would be unkind and unnecessary. It is sufficient to say that books should not be published in such an unrevised condition.

**Dictatorship in Newfoundland.** By T. LODGE. *Cassell.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

This well-written, closely argued discussion of the Newfoundland experiment in government by a Commission is of more than local significance. In spite of its former Dominion status the plight of Newfoundland is that of many small communities which are unable to "stand alone," and it is particularly instructive to have the reactions of a competent Home official, who was for some years after 1933 a member of this Commission, to the problems of a not untypical colony. Even the complication is not unusual that Newfoundland economy has been thrown out of gear by the decline under modern stresses of its one old-established industry, the cod fishery which originally brought it into being. It seems proved conclusively that, in spite of the hopes

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Positively ending Saturday, June 17

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A play of Lancashire by J. L. Hodson
Seats: 1/- to 3/6. Members only (Subscr. 1/-, Share 1/-).
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**ME AND MY GIRL**
THE HOME OF THE LAMBETH WALK. SECOND YEAR.

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"A MOVING AND EXQUISITE PLAY." *Sun. Times*
Run extended until Saturday, July 1

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AUGUST 7th—SEPTEMBER 2nd
Six World Premieres by BRIDIE, HSIUNG, KNOX, PRICE and MILLER, VANSITTART and SHAW. Details from MALVERN FESTIVAL OFFICE, 25 Haymarket, S.W.1. 'Phone: Whitehall 3332.

## REPERTORY THEATRES

**LIVERPOOL.** Evgs., 7.45. **The Playhouse**
**Mrs. Lipscombe's Birthday**
Laurence Oliver

**CROYDON REPERTORY.** (Croydon 6001.)
June 12th. Evgs., 8. Mats., W., 2.30, Sat., 5 p.m.
**The Queen Was in the Parlour.** Noel Coward.

## VARIETY

**COLISEUM, Charing X.** TEMple Bar 3161.
June 12th. Evgs., 6.25 and 9, Sats., 2.30.
Joyce Barbour & Co. in "The Absent-minded Lady"; Chefalo & Co.; Noni & Partner; The Dolinoffs; Three Jokers; Griffiths Bros.; The Bashful Boys, etc.

## FILMS

**ACADEMY CINEMA, Oxford St.** Ger. 2981.
**"J'ETAIS UNE AVENTURIERE"** (A)
(I Was an Adventuress).
Also *MARCH OF TIME* (U) and L.C.C.'s Jubilee Film, "*THE LONDONERS*" (U)

**BERKELEY Cinema, Berkeley St.** May. 8505
RAIMU in
**"LA FEMME DU BOULANGER"** (A.)
Spicy humour in Marcel Pagnol's brilliant French satirical comedy. ADULTS ONLY.

**EVERYMAN** (opp. Hampstead Tube Stn.) Ham. 2285
MONDAY, JUNE 12th, for SEVEN DAYS
HENRI GARAT and JEANNE BOITEL in
**AMPHITRYON 39** (A)
The wittiest film of the season.

**LONDON PAVILION.** GERrard 2932.
Continuous Daily from 10 a.m.
**"DOUBLE CRIME IN THE MAGINOT LINE"** (A)
Also "*THE LADY AND THE MOB*"

**PHOENIX, Charing X Rd.** LIDA BAROVA in sensational Czech film, "INNOCENCE" (A). "Frank exposure of working girl's struggles," also "Legong" (Isle of Virgins) (U). Technicolor. Cont. Prog. comg. 1 p.m., 3.30, 6.0, 8.30. ADULTS ONLY. 7th Week.

## DANCE

HOLBORN Youth Peace Council Flannel Dance aid Spanish and Chinese refugees. Royal Scottish Corporation Hall, Fetter Lane, Fleet Street. Saturday, June 17th, 8 p.m. Admission 1s. 6d.

## EXHIBITIONS

EPSTEIN'S important carving "ADAM" and new bronzes, also a series of drawings of young children.
LEICESTER GALLERIES, Leicester Sq. 10–6. Sats. 10–1.

HAMISH MACPHERSON.
Exhibition of Sculptures and Drawings.
56 Brook Street, W.1.

## RESTAURANTS

THE diner's dream of home. RULES, Maiden Lane (Covent Garden). Lunch, Dinner or late Supper (licensed till midnight). Estd. 1780.

GIVE your Sherry Party at The Book WINE RESTAURANT, facing British Museum, where you can also read "THE NEW STATESMAN" and take out a subscription. MUS. 6428.

COME to Mrs. Cook's, where the food is excellent and does you good. The cooking is different from the usual restaurant type. Famous for nine years for quality and value. MRS. COOK'S, 12 Denman Street, Piccadilly Circus.

## MISCELLANEOUS

HAVE your favourite suit copied exactly in a "John Peel" Cumberland Tweed, £4 17s. 6d. Fit guaranteed or money refunded. Patterns and particulars post free. REDMAYNE, LTD., 10 Wigton, Cumberland.

BUILDING. Experienced Canadian builder will construct, or advise on the construction of timber houses anywhere in Home Counties. CLEASE, Spring Cottage, Coleman's Hatch, Sussex.

of local interests and the findings of Royal Commissions, it is impossible now to make cod-fishing the mainstay of the island—in spite even of the Dominions Office.

Having surveyed the contributions of newsprint and mining, and rather discounted local faith in the untapped resources of the island, Mr. Lodge, greatly daring, advocates land settlement as the best hope of social regeneration. Newfoundland, in fact, like many lesser colonial units, would do well to shake free from exclusive dependence on export to world markets, and look to the roots of its own domestic economy. As the British contribution, where so much capital is sunk in concerns which cannot now meet the interest, " it would be only common prudence to invest " as much more as would let " the whole mass of debentures become valorised."

The most revealing comment is on the friction between Office and Commission over the question of fisheries. It is the necessary weakness of the Colonial Office system that there must be a disastrous time-lag whenever Downing Street is obliged to revise the basis of any such " long-term policy " as it loves to have taped. Horrible thought, that it may or even ought to be the turn of " Indirect Rule "! The title is perhaps misleading. Downing Street, with its lumbering machinery, certainly would seem the perfect example of how not to play the dictator, and throughout the Colonial Empire the executive is wont to be at once arbitrary and deplorably weak. The suggested delegation of powers to the governor is thus very reasonable and necessary. It is also helpful to have it demonstrated that to govern these small dependencies well is no less inherently difficult even when their people have not black skins, but white, and a strongly individualist tradition.

**God's Iron.** By GEORGE A. BIRMINGHAM (James A. Hannay). *Skeffington.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

*God's Iron* is a " biography " of the prophet Jeremiah. The word must appear in quotation marks since, although the materials available for a life are ampler than in the case of other Old Testament figures, they are sufficiently meagre and must be eked out by precarious inferences based on the prophet's own writings, which have been drastically " edited " by later hands.

Canon Hannay is an able writer, who possesses the gift of making anything interesting to anyone. But it is not for nothing that Jeremiah has been " accounted a prophet of disaster . . . charged with a message of doom," and in spite of Canon Hannay's valiant attempt to engage the sympathies of his readers, the prophet's continual denunciations become wearisome. Jeremiah rails against those who refuse to recognise the true God and Jeremiah as the prophet of the true God, against the rival prophets who resent being called liars, fakers of dreams, fraudulent mediums and false prophets, against the king who, not perhaps unnaturally, tears up the writings in which Jeremiah has cursed him, against everything and everybody, until the faculty of response tires and one wishes only that he would have done.

It is difficult for an agnostical modern to estimate the worth of such a man as Jeremiah. Everything depends upon whether one shares Canon Hannay's assumptions. If there is a God modelled broadly on Jehovahistic lines, if He is jealous of rivals and dislikes sexual promiscuity, and if He has specially chosen Jeremiah to say so, then the importance of the latter as God's chosen messenger is great. If, however, one does not take this view, it is difficult to avoid asking oneself the unsympathetic question, why all the fuss? The object of much of the prophet's bitterest denunciation is the Chosen People's lapses into paganism. But one cannot avoid putting the inevitable question, was the worship of Jehovah so vastly superior in respect of its morality, humanity, and rationality, as to justify the terrific denunciations to which Jeremiah subjected the backsliders?

If, on the other hand, we accept the view that Jeremiah was divinely inspired, the difficulty arises of determining how far he is to be regarded as a free agent. Canon Hannay vividly describes the drama of his Call and emphasises the degree of its compellingness. He is represented as a coward shrinking from the task that had been laid upon him, and endeavouring again and again to escape from the " prospect of strife and pain and men's contempt and frustrated hopes and dark despair " to which his calling committed him. However, in spite of his efforts, he was " overmastered, driven on his way by the greater will." But if this represents the true state of the case, the prophet deserves sympathy but not admiration.

## BOOKS TO COME

When Christopher Caudwell (Christopher St. John Sprigg) was killed in Spain in February, 1937, at the age of 29, he left behind him an astonishingly large literary output. In addition to detective novels, short stories and books on aviation written under his own name, he had produced three major works under his pseudonym. Of these, *Illusion and Reality* and *Studies in a Dying Culture* have already appeared. The third, *The Crisis in Physics*, will be published by the Bodley Head on June 20th. It is a critical study of the sociological basis of modern physics. Professor H. Levy contributes an introduction. Without any formal scientific training, Caudwell had an extraordinary passion for physics and had steeped himself in its problems.

Count Ferdinand Czernin, whose mordant book on Salzburg and its visitors appeared two years ago, has now turned his attention to the follies of Europe. His *Europe, Going, Going, Gone!* will be published by Peter Davies on June 19th. Count Czernin intended to write a light-hearted guide-book. But on the day after the Anschluss, he burnt what he had written and left Austria. The present volume is an ironic commentary on the collapse of Europe's old civilisation written from the point of view of an aristocratic individualist. (Count Czernin is the son of the Austrian Foreign Secretary of 1916 to 18.) It is illustrated with drawings by Walter Goetz.

*Invitation to Roumania*, a travel book of topical interest, by Mr. Derek Patmore, a grandson of Coventry Patmore, will be published by Macmillan later in the month. The author has spent a long time in Roumania and has had talks with Calinescu and Gafencu as well as making many contacts with writers, artists and peasants.

Mexico has produced a spate of impressions. There was Mr. Graham Greene. Mr. Evelyn Waugh went to Mexico last summer on a journey of exploration. His *Robbery under Law: The Mexican Object Lesson* will be published by Chapman and Hall on June 26th. The title sufficiently indicates his point of view.

In time for the ballet season, Putnam will publish a new life of Serge Diaghilev by Serge Lifar. Lifar was with Diaghilev when he died and is the owner of all his documents and possessions. As the evidence of an artist who was subjected to the overwhelming influence of Diaghilev without becoming alienated from him, his study should be an interesting contribution to a subject already explored from different angles by Mdme. Nijinsky and Mr. Arnold Haskell.

The Oxford University Press announces a new series of pamphlets on world affairs. Each pamphlet (price 3*d.*) will deal with a special aspect of international problems and will be factual rather than argumentative. Titles will be announced later in the month. The O.U.P. will also publish shortly a Chatham House survey of *National Socialism and the Roman Catholic Church*, the first of an important new series on the relations between Church and State.

Volumes 11 and 12 in the *Selected Works of Lenin* (published by Lawrence and Wishart at 5*s.* each), which appear this week, contain a good deal of material from Lenin's philosophy and from his writings on agricultural questions which is not available elsewhere and more that is only available in the 10*s.* 6*d.* collected edition.

Professor Karl Brandi's life of Charles V (*The Emperor Charles V*), coming from Cape on June 23rd, represents the life work of a distinguished German scholar.

The new instalment of Sir John Squire's autobiography, *Water-Music*, is due from Heinemanns on June 19th. This time he uses as the excuse for his reminiscences a canoeing holiday spent with a friend upon the waters of the Cherwell, the Avon and the Thames.

Mr. Francis Aldor announces a new series of novels by young authors whose work has never been published before. They will appear (it is hoped) at intervals of six or eight weeks. The first, issued this week, *Golden Furrow*, by Mr. A. L. Basham, is a story of English agricultural life. Mr. Aldor seems a little depressed about the shortage of talent and describes himself as quixotic. He would like, however, to hear from young authors with unpublished manuscripts.

MARIE SCOTT-JAMES

# Week-end Competitions

## No. 484

**Set by V. S. Pritchett**

The usual prizes of Two Guineas and Half a Guinea are offered for an extract of not more than 300 words from Baedeker's Guide to the West End of London in 1950.

RULES—

1. Envelopes should be marked with the number of the Problem, in the top left-hand corner, and should be addressed to COMPETITIONS, 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1. Solutions must reach the Editor by first post on Friday, June 16th.

2. Competitors may use a pseudonym. Typescript is not insisted on, but writing must be on one side of the paper only.

3. The Editor's decision is final. He reserves the right to print in part or as a whole any matter sent in, whether it be awarded a prize or not. MSS. cannot be returned. When no entries reach the required standard no prize will be awarded.

4. No competitor is eligible for more than one prize in any one week.

The result of last week's competition will be announced in our next issue.

## RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 482

**Set by Roger Marvell**

In the preface to his memoirs Sir Edward Marsh mentioned a number of witty titles he had considered using for his book. The usual prizes are offered for the most appropriate titles for the autobiography of (1) Shirley Temple, (2) Himmler, (3) James Joyce, (4) Dr. Buchman, (5) Toscanini, (6) Al Capone.

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OPPOSITE the British Museum, Great Russell St., W.C.1. Telephones and free electric heating in all bedrooms. Numerous Private Bathrooms. Bedroom, Bath and Breakfast from 9s. 6d. per night. Illustrated Booklet and Inclusive Terms on application.

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WARWICK CLUB, Ltd., 21 St. George's Square, S.W.1. Room and Breakfast, 5s. a night or 30s. weekly: with dinner, 6s. 6d. a night or 35s. to 2 gns. weekly. Vic. 7289.

CORNWALL (Cape Cornwall). Unique position, 8 miles west of Penzance, overlooking Cape Cornwall and the Atlantic. For hotel accommodation or furnished houses on moderate terms apply MANAGER, Porthledden, St. Just, Cornwall.

LAKE DISTRICT. Chapel Ridding, Windermere. Large private house modernised for guests. Telephone: Windermere 285.

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MENDIPS, Anglo-French family takes guests. XVIIth Cent. farm house. Comfort, books, good cooking, open fires, h. & c. some rooms, good centre, lovely district. From 2½ gns. Wyndhams, Shepton Mallet, 57.

LAKES. Beautiful Buttermere, "VICTORIA," leading hotel between Honister Pass and Cockermouth. Swiss balconies. Electricity; h. and c. Unique grounds. Telephone: 2. (Reduced terms.)

NEW FOREST. Small Guest House. Friendly atmosphere. Peaceful surroundings. Tennis. Riding. Lovely country. LEONARD, The Guest House, Godshill, Fordingbridge, Hants. Telephone: 2168.

HARROGATE'S BIG ATTRACTIONS this year include opening of New Royal Baths on July 10th by the Lord Mayor of London, the New "All Inclusive" Cure Scheme and the Musical Festival, September 18th to 23rd, SIR THOMAS BEECHAM with LONDON PHILHARMONIC ORCHESTRA. Details: L. A. WILSHERE, Information Bureau. Cheap Monthly Returns by Rail.

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SAVERNAKE FOREST. The Forest Hotel. Tel.: Burbage 6. Excellent food. Ideal for walking; forest and downs. Good train service.

COME along to NORTH WALES, where mountains run down to the sea. Come and sun-bathe on golden sands; 28 resorts, some gay, some peaceful. Climbing, bathing, fishing, sailing, all sports and amusements. 2d. stamp for Guide, Dept. 11, Llanfairfechan. Cheap fares by L.M.S.

RYE, Sussex. Old Hope Anchor Hotel. Sunny, comfortable. Quiet situation. Lovely views. Cent. heating. H. and c. water all bedrooms. A.A. 'Phone 126.

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LANGDALE ESTATE offers unique and varied accommodation admidst 25 acres of private grounds situated in this beautiful Lakeland valley. Furnished cottages, guest house, sleeping cabins and the new Pillar Hotel. Illustrated booklet (N.): MANAGER, Langdale Estate, Great Langdale, nr. Ambleside.

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PENALLY. Private Guest House, accom. 8 persons. April to November. Special diets studied. Bron Llwyn, Penally, Tenby, Pem. 'Phone: Tenby 56.

CRICCIETH, NORTH WALES. A charming country house. Facing the sea and the south. Sunny and comfortable. Tel.: 146. Brynhenllan Private Hotel.

EDINBURGH. Manor Hotel, 50 Manor Place. Small, quiet, comfortable, modern. Terms from 13s. 6d. per day. Reduction per week. Tel.: 228191.

BERKSHIRE. Spend holiday or week-end at modern guest house. Beautiful gardens; tennis court. Countryside ideal for riding, motoring, walking. Book early! Moderate terms. Prospectus from Alderwood House, nr. Newbury, Berks.

SANDOWN HOTEL, SANDOWN, I.W. Fully licensed. First-class family Hotel on the Sea Front. H. & C. all rooms. Billiards and Games Room. Garages. Modern and comfortable equipment. Moderate terms. Write MANAGERESS for illustrated brochure. Telephone: Sandown 72.

IRELAND, West Coast. Gray's Hotel, Dugort, Achill Island. Overlooking finest safe bathing strand in Ireland. Fishing, boating, riding. Apply MRS. GRAY.

ON unspoilt Norfolk Coast; 5-roomed Hut, 3 guineas weekly. Sailing, bathing. MENNELL, P.O. Overy Staithe, King's Lynn.

GUESTS invited to VIth-century farmhouse. Every modern convenience. Own produce. Excellent food. Riding, golf, swimming, bridge. Beautiful walks. Allerds Farm, Farnham Royal, Bucks.

ST. LEONARDS FOREST. Paying guests. Homely. Lovely country. Moderate terms. SNELL, Springfield Farm, Colgate, Horsham, Sussex.

Holiday Suggestions Continued on Page 917

### Report by Roger Marvell

Competitors hurled themselves upon this competition in crowds; puns exploded and rocketed; irony was lambent; and the judge was dazed. Here are a few suggestions which I hope will be gratefully received by the six eminent personages concerned. For Miss Temple *Twinkle, Twinkle* was submitted by a number of competitors and I think it was not bettered. Swoop was cynical with "And a Little Child Shall Bleed Them," Encolpius made a pretty pun on the Rubaiyat, *Sweet Cented Manuscript*, Joseph Westbank proposed *The Hidden Temple*. For Himmler Miss A. N. Reay sent *The Art of Concentration*, and several competitors sent variants of this. Other Himmlers were *Gestapoor Nazi* (Diana Moore), *Hoarse Vassal or Full of Sound and Führer* (L. W. Bailey), *Heaven's Kosher Cosher* (Johnny Dog), *That Was a Jew That Was* (B. G. Brew), *I Saved Civilisation* (H. J. Pediaza) and *Killing Time* (Bernard Sankey). For Mr. Joyce, *Rejoyce* appeared in various forms, the prettiest being *Rejoyce! Rejoyce!—A Manual* (N. L. S.) and *Rejoyce, Lifeslivd* (E. H. Bedwell). Other titles were *Uselysses* (Richard Pomfret) and *Take My Word for It* (D. S. Meldrum). Dr. Buchman has evidently failed to change our competitors, and his "absolute honesty" in poaching the name of Oxford is not approved. Encolpius suggested *Brownian Movement* (it is understood that the Doctor resides at Brown's Hotel when in London). Then there is *Getting My Share* (H. P. Blunt), *The Lord is My Banker* (Ellen Evans), *Pennies From Heaven* (Charles Pugmire), *I Came Clean* (Edith M. Hibbert), *Myself and God* (Jean Moncrieff), *To be Perfectly Frank: the Testimony of a Company Promoter* (Maurice Edelmann), *Frank Confessions: By a Quick-change Artist* (E. F. G. Haig), *My Share* (G. S. B.), *I Have Conquered the Pale Galilean* (J. W. F. Hurford) and *Heil and Hearty* (M. B. C.). It seems evident that the substitution of My Lady Wealth for My Lady Poverty is not thought an improvement. For Toscanini there were many variations on the words "Time" and "Conductor," but I fear that admiration is far less fruitful than dislike as a source of wit. Johnny Dog sent an ingenious anagram, *Tocsin in A*. Others were, *I, Too, Knew Garbo* (A. Boanerges), *Con Amore* (Desmond Cooper), *A Conducted Tour* (Guy Innes), *Conducted Tours* (H. Asher), *Personally Conducted* (Alice Herbert), *My Beat* (Tyntax), *How Times Change* (W. L. Nicholls). For Mr. Capone the following took my fancy: *Farewell to Arms* (Desmond Cooper), *Excuse My Gun* (W. Leslie Nicholls), *I Was a Führer* (G. S. B.), *I Blazed the Trail* (B. M. C.), *With Rod and Gun* (D. S. Meldrum), *Shooting Star* (J. C. B. Date), *Shots in the Dark* (R. S. Jaffray), *Albeit* (Guy Innes), *Last Rides Together* (Alice Herbert), *Income-Tax is Unamerican* (Charles Furbank), and *Mein Kampf* (Philip Toynbee). These three last titles seem to me to set a standard, which no competitor reached, or could be expected to reach, in all six. I recommend that the prize-money be divided between I. C. Saul, Allan M. Laing and Ronald Lambton, whose entries seem to maintain the highest average. I have had to omit one of Mr. Laing's suggestions, which border on libel.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| *Shirley Temple:* | Twinkle, Twinkle, Little Star. | |
| *Himmler:* | Their Struggles. | |
| *James Joyce:* | Me Loive an Litters. | |
| *Toscanini:* | My Life and Times. | |
| *Al Capone:* | No Cross, No Crown! | ALLAN M. LAING |
| *Shirley Temple:* | It's a Doll's Life! | |
| *Himmler:* | Justice My Foot. | |
| *James Joyce:* | Rigmarolicking Retrospecs. | |
| *Dr. Buchman:* | God is My Investment—The Confessions of a Group Captain. | |
| *Toscanini (Arturo):* | Art in the Past. | |
| *Al Capone:* | Money for Gin. | RONALD LAMBTON |
| *Shirley Temple:* | Sugar and Spice (and all that's nice). | |
| *Himmler:* | Heil!—or Farewell. | |
| *James Joyce:* | Farrago. | |
| *Dr. Buchman:* | Frank Talks to God. | |
| *Toscanini:* | Chords—and Discords. | |
| *Al Capone:* | Sing-Sing, You Sinners! | I. C. SAUL |

## CALIBAN'S PROBLEM CONTEST

[We regret to announce that Caliban's problem contest, which began in these columns eight years ago, will not be continued. The solution of problem 335 will appear in our next issue. Letters addressed to Caliban at this address will be forwarded to him.—ED. *N.S. & N.*]

PROBLEM 334.—THE SCREW-STREET GANG

This problem calls for a clear head and a certain amount of patience. Given these, it's not difficult.

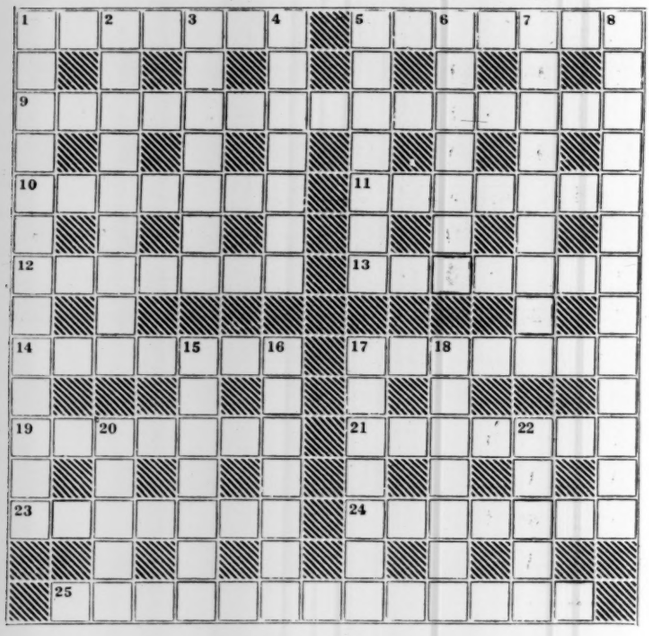
| | | |
|---|---|---|
| *Sam Wade* | *is* | *The Spider* |
| *Andy McPhail* | ,, | *The Sprinter* |
| *Ezra Smith* | ,, | *The Squealer* |
| *Solomon Isaacs* | ,, | *The Bruiser* |
| *Morgan Evans* | ,, | *Dixie Kid* |
| *David Davies* | ,, | *One-Eyed Mike* |
| *Harry Benson* | ,, | *Two-Gun Titus* |

PROBLEM 332

The award announced last week [to Mr. H. Brolly] referred to this problem and not, of course, to Problem 334. CALIBAN

## WEEK-END CROSSWORD 483

Books to the value of Five Shillings may be chosen by the sender of the first correct solution opened. Post solutions to arrive not later than first delivery Wednesday following the date of issue, addressed to "CROSSWORDS," 10 Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1.



Set by L.-S.

The last week's winner is

Mrs. Ard, Balahaigh, Etchingham, Sussex

ACROSS

1. A cubit is enough for it. (7)
5. They tolerate no unclean language of course. (7)
9. Is this what the fleet formed on Oct. 21, 1805? (15)
10. N ran in the T.T. (7)
11. The thief's procedure—and takings? (7)
12. He split up the trees after we got back. (7)
13. Authorised by Disraeli. (7)
14. Complementary to *Notes and Queries?* (7)
17. It made the bus reek. (7)
19. We ask another formation. (7)
21. French dishwater? (7)
23. The Secret Doctrine, as a Jew might say. (7)
24. Does the dogfish put its back up? (7)
25. Is this the way to get tied up in the latest fashion? (13)

DOWN

1. Bakers eat part of this in London. (13)
2. Revolutions in heaven. (9)
3. "A spring of love gush'd from my heart,
   And I bless'd them——." (7)
4. Get into the back seat. (7)
5. Not one of the nightshades — quite the reverse. (7)
6. You'll find it in Queer St. (7)
7. Change in silver of conversation? (9)
8. Trysting tree for crooked folk? (13)
15. David took Uriah's. (7)
16. A bad mark when we get in. (7)
17. Collects things again, just in case. (7)
18. We'll give Sambo a stern reception when he comes in. (7)
20. Take the blame for it. (5)
22. You feel it every day inside. (5)

LAST WEEK'S CROSSWORD

| | | | | | | | | | | | | | | |
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| A | I | T | C | H | B | O | N | E | ■ | C | A | N | N | A |
| I | ■ | E | ■ | R | ■ | T | ■ | R | ■ | K | ■ | T | ■ | R |
| R | I | N | G | ■ | T | H | E | O | L | O | G | I | S | T |
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| R | O | Y | A | L | T | O | U | R | N | A | M | E | N | T |

## APPOINTMENTS VACANT & WANTED

THE LONDON SCHOOL OF ECONOMICS AND POLITICAL SCIENCE (University of London).

The School may appoint as from October 1st, 1939, an Assistant Lecturer in Economics (with special reference to Banking and Currency).
The appointment will be for full time on the salary scale of £275–£300–£325.
Particulars and application forms (to be returned on or before June 24th, 1939) from The Secretary, Houghton Street, Aldwych, W.C.2.

UNIVERSITY COLLEGE OF SWANSEA

The Council invites applications for the post of Assistant Lecturer in the Department of Classics. Salary £300 per annum. The appointment will date from October 2nd, 1939.
Further particulars may be obtained from the undersigned, by whom applications must be received on or before June 21st, 1939.
Singleton Park, Swansea. EDWIN DREW, Registrar.

PSYCHIATRIC SOCIAL WORKER (Woman) (age under 40) required by London County Council at Long Grove Hospital (for nervous and mental disorders), Epsom, Surrey. Experience or training in psychiatric social work essential. Officer will be required to co-operate with medical staff in investigating history of mental cases and in supervising social welfare of patients. Salary £235, rising to £340 a year. No emoluments. Pensionable. Marriage terminates service. For application form returnable by June 24th, send stamped addressed foolscap envelope to Chief Officer (B/A), Mental Hospitals Department, Shell-Mex House, Strand, W.C.2. Canvassing disqualifies.

WANTED. Intelligent girl to look after two boys, aged 1½ and 3 years, for some months. Box 5231.

CAN anyone offer post, cook, housekeeper, particularly capable Austrian Jewess? Trained Domestic Instructress. Two small children. Details. VOYSEY, 56 Postley Road, Maidstone.

GERMAN Jew (23), graduate of British University with first-class honours, seeks urgently employment. Teaching experience, History, German, French, Latin, some Russian. Accepts also work abroad, not necessarily educational. Box 5277.

BACK to Dachau July 1st unless employment can be found for Viennese Jew and his wife, both taken English domestic training. MME. DU VERGIER, J.P., 64 Maury Road, London, N.16.

LADY, literary, secretarial, political experience, own typewriter, seeks country/seaside job. Domesticated. Salary or *au pair*. Box 5281.

CAR-OWNING lady wishes place her wide secretarial experience at disposal of philanthropist or philanthropic society in the country. Salary secondary consideration if hospitality offered. Box 5203.

AUSTRIAN mother longs to live near her child (Scotland) as domestic servant. Excellent in all household work, likes children immensely. Write: MR. MISSAR, 14 Drapers Road, Enfield, Middlesex.

HONOURS GRADUATE (28), Public School, requires situation, permanent or temporary; fluent French, good Spanish; experience as schoolmaster; literary tastes; capable, energetic and reliable. Box 5226.

REFUGEE lady desires post in or near London as companion or mother's help. Fond of children. Good English. Excellent references. Box 5256.

TRAVELLED Scot (fluent French, fair German) M.A. Hons. Phil. and English—wide international relations and experience, teaching (school and adult), lecturing, administrative and quasi-diplomatic—free soon to undertake constructive work, home, abroad, alone or in collaboration. British and foreign testimonials available. References exchanged. Box 5260.

YOUNG Czech Jew, Conservatory trained musician, secretarial experience, perfect German, speaking English, seeks home; no salary. Box 5268.

RESPONSIBLE secretarial work sought by young woman. Varied experience. Excellent references. Box 5267.

RUSSIAN post-graduate student would teach Russian in return for hospitality and expenses during summer vacation. Box 5249.

WOMAN Graduate seeks interesting secretarial post. Expert shorthand typist. Sound knowledge French, German. Box 5250.

## TYPEWRITING, TRANSLATIONS, &c.

GENERAL SECRETARIAL BUREAU, 199 Piccadilly, W.1, specialises in authors' MSS. at lowest rates. Regent 6265.

DUPLICATING and TYPEWRITING, etc. Authors' MSS., Novels, Plays, Schedules, etc. All work guaranteed proof-read and checked. PROMPT SECRETARIAL SERVICES, LIMITED, 7 Princes St., Hanover Sq., W.1 (Mayfair 3163-4).

INTELLIGENT TYPEWRITING: Novels, Plays, Theses, Articles copied efficiently. Guaranteed checked; German, French. Keen prices. LEE, 18 Kings Drive. Edgware 1046.

DUPLICATING (Testimonials, Reports, etc.)
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SHORTHAND—Verbatim or condensed reporting
METROPOLITAN TYPEWRITING AND REPORTING OFFICES,
75 Chancery Lane, W.C.2.
Tel.: Holborn 6182.

TYPEWRITING with intelligence, speed, accuracy. Low rates. ELSIE NEWTON, 1 Parton Street, W.C.1. HOLborn 1169.

TYPING of MSS., Plays, etc., also Duplications and Translations, efficient service at lowest prices. Secretarial Staff supplied. Anglo-Continental Bureau, 303 High Holborn. Holborn 9944.

## HOLIDAY SUGGESTIONS

—continued from page 915

PARK HOUSE, Black Notley, Braintree, Essex. 16th C. Guest House; quiet, informal. 6s. a day.

CHILDREN'S FARM, Romansleigh, N. Devon. A home and school for children under 14. MRS. VOLKMER, B.A.

CORNWALL. Farmhouse board-residence. Near sea and golf. Photographs. MRS. JELBERT, Trewhiddle, St. Austell.

CORNWALL. Furnished Caravan for 2, overlooking St. Ives Bay. 25s. week. 36 King's Road, Camborne, Cornwall.

IRELAND. Hotel-na-Farraga, Killiney, Co. Dublin. Three miles south from Kingstown, the station from Holyhead. Eight acres on the sea. Invigorating, restful. Beautiful scenery. H. and C. in bedrooms. Excellent cooking; own farm produce. Golfing centre. Tennis. Garages. A.A., R.I.A.C., I.T.A.

CORNWALL. Board-residence. Modern house near sea. Excellent holiday centre. 2½ *guineas* weekly; August, 3 *guineas*. Westbury Leigh, Henver Road, Newquay.

ACHILL, West Ireland. Dugort Hotel, amidst magnificent cliff and mountain scenery; golden strands. Special reduction for families. Apply MISS LAVELLE.

CORNWALL, Penzance. Comfortable Guest House. Close sea. From 37s. 6d. "Westbourne," Alexandra Road. Tel.: 896.

SUSSEX DOWNS. Small modern guest house; homely, comfortable. Ideal walking centre. 2½–3 *gns*. Wyvern, Salvington Hill, Worthing. Swandean 355.

BELGIUM. Coq-sur-mer. Pension Normandy, on dunes, sea view, all comforts, excellent cuisine. From 6s. 6d. Family prices.

RIVIERA. HOTEL DE LA MER, Cap Martin. Facing full south in own grounds direct on Sea. Buses to Menton and Monte Carlo. Pension 7s. inclusive.

PARIS Vme, Hotel and Pension Alger. 8 rue des Fossés-St. Jacques. Central; heart Latin Quarter. Good rooms from 15 *frs*. daily; special monthly terms.

SWITZERLAND, LUGANO. Hotel Quisisana for every comfort. Beautiful gardens. Excellent cuisine. All diets. Swimming-pool. Terms 9–12 Sw. Francs.

BRITTANY. South, near Concarneau. Guests received modernised private house. 50 acres on sea. Tourist centre. Car. From 75 *frs*. per day. MADAME CHAUVET, Stang Bihan, Beuzec Conq. Finistère.

SWITZERLAND, SCHWYZ. Hotel Sonnenberg for sunshine, health and pleasure. Excellent cookery, all diets. Unrivalled view. Typical Swiss countryside. Trips arranged. Terms from £2 15s. p. week. All inclusive.

150TH ANNIVERSARY of French Revolution will make July 14th in Paris this year occasion of exceptional enthusiasm. Special parties being organised. Why not include it in your holiday? Inquiries to PROSPECT TOURS, LTD., 115 Shaftesbury Ave., W.C.2.

SPECIALIST SUMMER TOURS TO U.S.S.R. for Lawyers, Educationists, Students, Doctors, Schoolboys and Girls; also a "Popular Art" party. Dates and prices from: Society for Cultural Relations, 98 Gower Street, London, W.C.1. (EUSton 2315.)

## ACCOMMODATION

FURNISHED and unfurnished room in quiet pleasant house. Meals if required. 18s. 6d. to 32s. 6d. 22 Belsize Avenue, N.W.3. Primrose 1043.

A BACK WITH A VIEW over lovely gardens. 15 minutes Piccadilly. From 25s. Bed-B'fast. 37s. 6d. part board. Billiards. Table Tennis. FLATLETS (unfurn.), alcove basins, kitchenettes, private baths, from 18s. 6d. BED-SITTING rooms (unfurn.), running h. & c. from 12s. 6d. Catering optional. 11 Clifton Gardens, W.9. ABErcorn 3035.

CHISWICK. Tenant leaving after 3 years recommends furnished rooms in charming old-world private house. Service, garden, mooring rights, near tennis, golf. Chiswick 0160.

HYDE PARK. 82 Sussex Gardens, W.2. Ambassador 2941. H. and c. basins. 5s. 6d. nightly with breakfast, from 23s. 6d. weekly.

BERTH FOR BACHELORS. Comfortable residential accommodation, single or double, in bachelor's N.W.3 flat. Meals and service. Write Box 5274.

LARGE, redecorated room. Bay window, glass cupboards, good tables. Suit writer, artist, 18s. 6d. Private house. Secluded garden. Use kitchen. PRImrose 6534, week-end.

IN Chelsea Cottage. For lady out all day. Furnished bedroom, sitting room, use kit., bath and garden. £1. Box 5239.

ONE furnished or unfurnished room to let; breakfast and service optional. TIBALD'S RESTAURANT, 13 Theobalds Rd., W.C.1.

MODERN Service Rooms with baths, breakfast, 6s. 6d. per night; from 27s. 6d. per week. FLAX. 1181. 29 West Cromwell Road, S.W.5.

1 MINUTE Holborn Tube Station. Pleasant room in really comfortable flat. Full service, breakfast. Lift. Every convenience. 35s. p.w. 'Ph.: Holb. 2921.

## GROUP ACCOMMODATION

LECTURE room (seating 80) available for social meetings, lectures, pupils' concerts, etc. For terms, apply SECRETARY, 34 Nottingham Place, W.1.

## HOUSES, FLATS, PROPERTY, etc.
### For Sale, To Let and Wanted

DORSET (Shaftesbury 3 miles) stone cottage, 4 rooms facing S., for conversion, ½ acre, main water. £385 Freehold. Box 5067.

SWITZERLAND. In the charming Bernese Oberland. To let, well-furnished chalet on the lake of Thun, to accommodate 8 people. Every modern convenience, glorious view over lake and mountains. Bathing, boating; nearby garage at reasonable price. Ideal for a cheap delightful family holiday. Terms: 6 *guineas* per week August, 5 *guineas* per week September. SAUNDERS MARGRITLI, Hünibach, Thun.

WEST SUSSEX. To be sold, or would be let, a picturesque old-world cottage residence on the outskirts of a delightful unspoiled village; 4 bedrooms, 3 sitting-rooms, garage, pretty garden and orchard. Electricity. Price £1,350. "Ricklesmere," Kirdford, Sussex.

CHEAP, quiet, part let (till wanted) nine-roomed house, 15 minutes West End and City. Two entrances; all conveniences. £785. At 116 Tufnell Park Road, N.7. Telephone: Archway 4130.

TO LET. One year, Furnished Farmhouse; 7 rooms, bath, garage. 2½ *gns*. FAIRFAX, Brockholds, Old Hall Green, Ware, Herts.

TRANQUIL villa, joyfully furnished, in private wooded grounds (including fully one mile curved bank of Arve in French zone (low costs), 10 minutes from Geneva. Reception facilities. Car, garden equipment, orchard, camping possibilities. Medium or long lease considered. Alternatively exchange *pied-à-terre* there for same London and/or country. Box 5261.

BEAUTIFULLY SITUATED in garden bordering on HAMPSTEAD HEATH. Detached house for sale; 3 living rooms, 5 bedrooms, usual offices, garage. Agents: POTTERS. Hampstead 6075.

CORNWALL. To LET, furnished, last week July and all August, well-equipped COTTAGE, near Tintagel; 2 sitting, 4 bedrooms (sleep 5), bathroom, fixed basins, h. and c., electricity; half-acre garden. DR. TAYLOR, Vine House, Sevenoaks.

GLASTONBURY, Somerset. Small house (garage) to let August. Suit couple or two friends. Apply Box 5238.

STUDIO COTTAGE for sale. FREEHOLD, £1,650. Studio, 21ft. × 16ft., 2 bedrooms, kitchen-bathroom. Small garden, quiet position near Edwardes Sq., W.8. No agents. Apply ROSE, 3 Ellis Street, S.W.1. Slo. 6663.

TWO SERVICE FLATS to let on June quarter day from £104 p.a., overlooking gardens, accommodation includes dressing room with wash hand basin, bathroom, kitchenette, etc. Rent includes comprehensive service, bedmaking, shoe cleaning, window cleaning, central heating, constant hot water, etc., etc. Without extra cost interesting meals can be served in your flat from the Isobar (a club for the epicure of modest means). Further particulars from SECRETARY, Isokon, Lawn Road Flats, N.W.3. Primrose 6054.

BLOOMSBURY, adjoining Brunswick Square. Newly furnished modern flat, from July 15th to end October. Three rooms. Constant hot water. Refrigerator. Excellent modern library. Rent 4½ *guineas*. Apply MRS. STEPHEN SPENDER, 6, Selwyn House, Lansdowne Terrace, W.C.1.

PERFECT BACHELOR FLAT FOR WRITER, or anyone working at home, available end July. Long let while owner abroad. Quiet, sunny, spacious, very comfortably furnished. Large "office-room" (special desk-lights, telephone extension, etc.), in addition to usual bachelor flat accommodation. Bechstein grand piano. Service. Advantageous terms for right tenant. 'Phone: Victoria 2752, before noon.

FLAT, W.9. First floor, furuished, two rooms; kit. and bath. 3 *gns*. Tel.: Maida Vale 7101.

TAVISTOCK SQUARE. S.c. flat with large lounge (double divan), bedroom (1 or 2 beds), bath (Ascot heater), kit. (elec. cooker and frig.), small garden. 4 *gns*. p.w. July, Aug., Sept. View afternoons by appointment. Tel.: office hours, LANgham 3884.

W.C.1. Convenient s.c. flat, 2 rooms, kitchen, and bathroom, c.h.w. Moderate. Write Box 5276.

BROMLEY, Kent. Ground-floor flat with fine lofty and spacious rooms; 3 bed, 2 reception, kitchen and bath. Absolutely modern. Terrace to very pleasant garden. Rent £140 inclusive. Apply Box 5282.

FLAT for two, Bloomsbury. To let three months from June 30th. 3½ *guineas*. 'Phone: Terminus 4171 before 9.30 a.m. or after 7 p.m.

HAMPSTEAD, £85. Pleasant self-contained flat, first floor, overlooking gardens; 3 rooms, kitchen, bath; 2 or 4 years. Tel.: 4017 Mon., Tues., Wed. morning or write ADENEY, 5a Parkhill Road, N.W.3.

TO LET. Lady's furnished flat; bedroom (2 beds), sitt. room, kitchen/bathroom, geyser, gas cooker, electric light. Very quiet. Write BRUCE, c/o Wenn, 3 Hollywood Mews, S.W.10.

WANTED, 2–3 months: unfurnished cottage, 50 miles London, easy access not essential. 10s. per week. BM/DVK, W.C.1.

# THE WEEK IN THE CITY

By DIVES

PAUSE AND AUSTRALIA—SHOULD EQUITY SHARES BE BOUGHT?—IMPERIAL TOBACCO AND OTHERS—RULES FOR SHARE-PUSHERS

AFTER the May recovery the stock markets are not unnaturally halting. Business has become so slack that the opening of the new "account" on Monday was hardly noticed. In the case of the gilt-edged market prices have reacted on the issue of an Australian £6,000,000 loan in 4 per cent. stock 1961–64 at 98½. This loan, raised to meet Australian defence expenditures incurred in Great Britain, appealed to the patriotism but not to the books of the gilt-edged market, which is now suffering from indigestion. Whether the next move in security prices will be upward or downward depends upon the political news from abroad. The May recovery was due to two causes—the strengthening of the anti-aggression front and the vigorous industrial advance expressed in rising employment and higher weekly receipts for the home railways. There is no doubt but that employment will go on rising with the steady increase in armament expenditure, so that it remains for political news to give the final touch to stock market sentiment. Dare I suggest that it is only the conclusion of an alliance with the Soviets which will restore the upward trend and bring the capitalists in Throgmorton Street back into the markets as bulls?

* * *

If the *Financial News* index of British industrial ordinary shares breaks through its March "high" of 88 (at the moment of writing it is 84.3) the chart readers will establish to their own satisfaction that we have returned to a "bull" market. I see that many investment writers are already advising the purchase of industrial equities on this supposition, so that a few warning remarks here may not be out of place. The dividend yield on industrial ordinary shares is made up of two factors—the long-term rate of interest and the risk premium. In normal times, when an industrial "leader" such as Imperial Tobacco returned a yield of 4½ per cent. and a "riskless" British Government stock returned, say, 3½ per cent., the difference of 1 per cent. was said to represent the premium demanded for the dividend risk, which might be the industrial risk of a decline in tobacco earnings or the political risk of a rise in tobacco taxation. To-day the long-term rate of interest is around 3⅝ per cent., and even if the Treasury can succeed in holding this rate steadily, in spite of its enormous borrowing programme, no one can deny that the dividend risk must remain abnormally high while the armament race goes on and Europe remains in a precarious state of armed peace, or "near-war." I would value to-day's risk premium at not less than 2 per cent. It is no answer for the "bulls" to argue that rearmament has brought about an industrial boom and that as industrial earnings are rising, so will dividends. I reply first, that the Government, having promised special taxation of armament profits, will not allow industrial firms to pass on the blessings of rearmament to shareholders in the form of higher dividends, and secondly, that trading firms not dependent directly on armament orders will be so nervous of the slump which will follow the rearmament boom that they will apply the increase in profits to reserve rather than distribute it in the form of higher dividends. In other words, this is not the sort of boom which will bring great benefits to equity shares. The risk premium is still rising rather than falling. I cannot therefore advise the purchase of industrial ordinary shares *en masse*.

* * *

There will, of course, be exceptions to this general rule, but not, I think, Imperial Tobacco. At 6 11/16 these shares return a yield of around £5 3*s.* 0*d.* per cent.—say 3⅝ per cent. for interest and about 1½ per cent. for risk premium. I do not consider that this risk premium is high enough. There is no doubt that the increase in tobacco taxation must have affected Imperial Tobacco adversely, There is, therefore, undoubtedly some risk that the total dividend for 1939 will be reduced. (The interim is declared in July.) I suggest that Imperial Tobacco ought to yield about 5½ per cent. —that is, fall to 6¼. Last week I mentioned four shares not directly concerned with rearmament which were all returning yields of around 5½ per cent. I repeat the list this week—the prices being slightly higher :—

| | Price | Earnings % | Dividend % | Dividend Yield % |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| Lever Bros. & Unilever £1 | 38/– | 19.8* | 10 | £5 6 0† |
| Tunnel Cement 10/– .. | 40/– | 33.9 | 22½ | 5 12 0 |
| Bolsover Colliery £1 .. | 44/– | 19.5 | 12½ | 5 14 0 |
| English Electric £1 .. | 36/– | 27.8 | 10 | 5 11 0 |

* Consolidated Earnings.

† Equivalent gross yield allowing for reduced rate of tax.

If the investor *must* buy equities, let him be very discriminating —and buy half he intended.

* * *

The Draft Rules issued by the Board of Trade under the Prevention of Fraud (Investments) Act will involve a good deal of additional office work for the reputable outside broker, against whom Parliament's anti-share-pushing legislation was not intended to be framed; but they will not, I fear, succeed in putting a stop to the activities of the financial shark who contrives—through a dummy nominee—to secure registration as a licensed dealer. So far as they go the Rules are salutary. No outside broker in future may enter into a margin or option transaction unless it is covered by a complementary transaction with a member of a recognised stock exchange. Sales of shares on the instalment plan are forbidden if the period of total payment exceeds a year—a limitation of time that might well be reduced to two months. In dealing with members of the public outside brokers must keep books in a specified form and must inform purchasers of shares in what exchange they are quoted or, if unquoted, full particulars of capitalisation, past earnings, etc., must be given. Finally, solicitation of the public by circular or canvass is made illegal. So far, so good. But there are two illogical loopholes. If a member of the public has done business with an outside broker on three occasions in seven years, he may be approached by him with offers—a needlessly liberal interpretation of official desire not to interfere with regular contacts with clients. Secondly, an outside broker may approach any shareholder in a company with offers to buy from or sell to him shares in that company. Why this proviso should have been inserted in the rules I fail to understand, particularly since in such cases the broker need not supply any of the information otherwise compulsory. The consequence will be that a cheerful knave can buy for a song a large block of shares in a moribund company, circularise the shareholders with a tale of "coming developments," and induce the gullible to throw good money after bad.


HOSPITAL SUNDAY

June 11th

THE HOSPITALS' BURDEN

To the care of the national health has been added a vital part in national defence, a burden which hospital finances cannot carry unaided.

National defence closely concerns every citizen, and Hospital Sunday is the citizen's opportunity to take his share of the burden borne by the hospitals of London.

Please send a donation to your Church, or to the Lord Mayor, Hospital Sunday Fund, Mansion House, E.C.4.

Company Meeting

# BEECHAMS PILLS, LIMITED

## NEW RECORD IN PROFITS

## ENCOURAGING OUTLOOK

The Eleventh Ordinary General Meeting of Beechams Pills, Ltd., was held on June 8th at the Hotel Victoria, London. Mr. Philip E. Hill (Chairman of the Company), presiding, said: Ladies and gentlemen, the profit of £723,663 creates a new record in the company's history. The year under review has been a most eventful one, not only from the Company's point of view in the acquisition of two very important new businesses—Macleans and Enos—but also from the extremely difficult trading conditions which have existed (and to some extent still exist), occasioned by world affairs.

Although we are all tired of the continual references to "unsettled political conditions," unfortunately any predictions which we may make with regard to the future must be subject to a nearer return to normality.

ENO ACQUISITION AND EXPORT TRADE

Dealing first with export trade, which I consider of the highest importance both from the point of view of your Company but even more so from a national standpoint, I feel that this present year should exceed anything hitherto achieved.

When your Directors purchased the Eno business one of their principal motives in doing so was to take advantage of the widespread export organisation belonging to that Company and to obtain the benefit of its specialised export experience covering a long period of time.

We have already made arrangements for our Company and its subsidiary and associated companies to take advantage of Eno's unique position. We are utilising their factories and old-established selling organisation throughout the world to manufacture and sell our lines, and when this policy has been fully developed it should result in big economies in manufacturing and selling costs. Eno's Export Director has just completed a comprehensive tour of Egypt, India, Ceylon, Malaya, New Zealand and Australia, while our own Export Manager has just returned from an extensive tour of the West Indies, U.S.A., Canada and the South and Central American markets.

Sales to date show steady progress all round, and we are justified in anticipating important increases in our overseas profits.

Turning to our home trade, last year we received only a portion of the annual profits from Macleans and Enos, and this year we shall have the benefit of a full year's trading. Since the acquisition of the Maclean and Eno businesses we have been able to effect very considerable economies in manufacture, administration and selling, a considerable portion of which economies will be realised in this year's accounts. We should be able to look forward to sales reaching a higher level, and we anticipate successful results from Livaclean and Lucozade—two new lines marketed by Macleans.

PROPOSED REPEAL OF MEDICINE DUTIES

An event of outstanding importance during the past year—probably the most important event which has ever happened in the history of the proprietary medicine and proprietary article business—is the proposed repeal of medicine duties. It is, of course, too early for one to make any accurate forecast as to the extent of the benefit it will prove to our business; but one thing is already abundantly clear, and that is, that it opens up a vista of great possibilities. When the repeal comes into force, as presumably it will in September next, a much wider field of distribution will be available. Exactly how we shall deal with that is a matter which requires the most careful consideration.

We have already been approached by some of the largest potential distributors in the country, who, in consequence of the conditions which previously existed, have in the past been prevented from dealing in our type of merchandise. There is also no doubt that as we get nearer to September, we shall be approached by many others. Our first consideration will be to deal fairly and equitably with the whole of our distributors—old and new, large and small.

BENEFITS TO PUBLIC

We hope that the repeal of the medicine duties will enable us to provide the public with our products in a smaller and cheaper form than has hitherto been possible, and our first aim, as far as the public is concerned, must be to give increased service and value. The success of the proprietary medicine and article business rests entirely upon this foundation.

This Company, through the long period of its existence, has always had the most friendly relationships with the chemists and druggists of the country, and no effort will be lacking on our part to maintain the cordial relations which have hitherto existed.

We understand that representations are being made to the Government with regard to the reasonable control of the formulæ and advertising of proprietary medicines. Your directors would give their whole-hearted support to such proposals, as any measure that is introduced to safeguard the public, as far as proprietary medicines are concerned, must react favourably on this Company.

In conclusion I feel I am not unduly optimistic in looking forward to this year's results with added confidence. Personally, I shall be very disappointed if this time next year I am not able to refer to the fact that the record of profits established this year has been well broken. I have always had the greatest belief in the future of this business, and I feel that its prospects to-day are greater than at any time since its formation.

The report and accounts were unanimously adopted.

Company Meeting

# LONDON COUNTY FREEHOLD AND LEASEHOLD PROPERTIES

## SIR WILLIAM J. M. BURTON'S ADDRESS

## INCREASED RENT ROLL

THE Twenty-ninth Annual General Meeting of the London County Freehold and Leasehold Properties Limited was held on June 1st at Keysign House, 429 Oxford Street, W.

Sir William J. M. Burton (the chairman) moved the adoption of the directors' report, which stated that they felt that in view of the great difficulties with which they had been faced during the period under review the stockholders would consider the results satisfactory. The demand for attractive flats of all grades persisted, although the unsettled state of trade had resulted in a larger number of tenants being unable to continue their tenancies at the expiration of their agreements. That had caused an increase in losses from voids, but the rents generally had been so well maintained that a net increase in rent roll at the rate of £4,732 per annum had been obtained on the renewal of tenancies and re-lettings during the year.

From the year's revenue they had appropriated £20,000 to repairs, redecorations and renewals reserve and £30,000 to general reserve, and recommended a final dividend of 4 per cent. and a bonus of 1 per cent., making a total distribution to the Ordinary stockholders of 11 per cent. for the year as for the previous eight years, carrying forward a balance of £134,042. The properties were maintained in an excellent state of repair; they had spent about £500,000 in recent years out of revenue on reconditioning and improvements. The company was also paying for rates and water rate, Schedule "A" tax and N.D.C. some £492,000 per annum. The reputation of Key-Flats was now world-wide.

The report was unanimously adopted.

"There's no sweeter Tobacco comes from Virginia and no better brand than the 'Three Castles'."

W. M. Thackeray "THE VIRGINIANS"

WILLS'S

THREE CASTLES

CIGARETTES

10 for 8½d. 20 for 1/5 50 for 3/5½

100 for 6/9

*This Advertisement is set up in* NAUDIN *and* GARAMOND. Garamond; cut by Jean Jannon (Specimen 1621), until recently believed to be the work of Claude Garamond. TT.200D